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# GARDEN COLOUR



• SPRING by Mrs C. W. EARLE •  
• SUMMER by E. V. B. •  
• AUTUMN by ROSE KINGSLEY •  
• WINTER by Hon. VICARY GIBBS •



COLOURED SKETCHES  
& NOTES BY  
MARGARET WATERFIELD

HARVARD UNIVERSITY



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Professor and Lecturer on the Application of  
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## **GARDEN COLOUR**

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MICHAELMAS DAISY. TRITOMA. CLEMATIS.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*

# GARDEN COLOUR

SPRING *by* Mrs C. W. EARLE

SUMMER *by* E. V. B. 

AUTUMN *by* ROSE KINGSLEY

WINTER *by the* Hon VICARY GIBBS

Etc. Etc.



NOTES & WATER COLOUR SKETCHES

BY

MARGARET WATERFIELD

1907

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*" Allons ! Whoever you are, come travel with me !  
Travelling with me you find what never tires.*

*The earth never tires,  
The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first,  
Nature is rude and incomprehensible at first,  
Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things well envelop'd,  
I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell."*

*—Walt Whitman.*



# PREFACE

THE wealth of garden books given us during the last years might make it seem unnecessary to add to their number. But it is hoped that these writings on Garden Colour may prove useful to the inexperienced, or to those who, newly in possession of a garden, suddenly awake to its possible delights, and desire to attain the ideal so well expressed by Lord Bacon that, "in the Royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all months of the year in which severally things of beauty may be in season." Another early writer, who speaks of "painting a field with beautiful objects like colours upon a canvas," well describes the further object of this book, which is to illustrate the value of artistic massing of colour and skilful grouping of one variety of plant, and to suggest an ideal for the garden lover of to-day—pictures in flowers changing from day to day and month to month.

Various modern garden writers have, with much knowledge and skill, already laid stress on the importance of colour-effect in our gardens—suggestions which many have been able to adopt; but there are those to whom these word pictures convey but little help owing to their limited knowledge of flowers and the effect produced by them. To them this book is offered with the hope that the addition of sketches in colour to the writings of the well-known authorities who have kindly helped

me may be of real practical assistance. The pictures give examples of successful results already obtained by more experienced gardeners, and should be suggestive of countless others. Fortunately this grouping for colour-effect is irrespective of the size of the garden; most of the illustrations have been painted from our own or other small gardens, giving effects which are within the reach of many.

Cottage gardens show us what admirable results can be achieved on a small plot of ground with simple flowers—results which grander gardens often fail to attain: the latter often suffer in general effect from a too great variety of plants, and a too widespread diffusion, or from an attempt to grow interesting plants not suited to the soil. Want of opportunity for procuring a great variety of plants, or a slender purse, obliges the cottage gardener, unintentionally perhaps, to produce his effect by one flower at a time. This special charm of the cottage garden is finely expressed by Lord Tennyson:—

“ One look'd all rose tree, and another wore  
A close-set robe of jasmine sown with stars :  
This had a rosy sea of gillyflowers  
About it ; this a milky way on earth,  
Like visions in the Northern dreamer's heavens,  
A lily avenue climbing to the doors ;  
One, almost to the martin-haunted eaves,  
A summer burial deep in hollyhocks ;  
Each its own charm.”

Perhaps the truth that simplicity gives strength of effect, and that selection and concentration are the two essential principles if the garden is to be rich in flower pictures all the year round, could hardly be better illustrated.

It only remains for me to express my gratitude to the writers who have kindly contributed valuable articles to my book, also to those who have so courteously allowed me to paint in their gardens, and to Mr Robinson, whose books first fired me with enthusiasm for this form of gardening.

MARGARET H. WATERFIELD.

NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.





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# SPRING

*“And the Spring arose on the garden fair,  
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;  
And each flower and herb on Earth’s dark breast  
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.*

. . . . .

*The snowdrop, and then the violet,  
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,  
And their breath was mix’d with fresh odour, sent  
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.”*

—SHELLEY.





YOU ask me to write about Spring and Spring gardens. Spring. What a worn-out subject, and how old! And yet, Renewal although some of us may not realise it, how eternally of Hope new even to those near the end of life, who have seen many, many Springs, and watched the awakening of the earth year after year.

If it is a saddening season for the old, and perhaps now and then even for the young, this renewal of hope;—for the gardener, at any rate, it is a happy time, full of fruition, the reward of past thought and work. For, as the Dutch raise gardens from heaps of sand, and cities out of the bosom of the waters, so our spring gardens are in great part the result of our autumn labours, thought, work, and money spent. How rare in England, and how appreciated, is a really beautiful Spring such as we were blessed with in 1904. Slow and sure, full of promise, developing gradually with very few prematurely warm days and yet no severe checks. There were no dangerously cruel hard frosty nights such as make one turn in one's bed and long to rush out and quickly cover some early Camellia in flower, or protect the fat buds of a tree Peony, just as one would seize with warm hands the pink feet of some precious baby, if they were cold. The nights should be just cool enough to keep things back, as says the old French proverb, "The prettiest April wears a wreath of Frost." Then the velvety buds open safely and slowly. Ordinary people complain, but the cautious gardener says approvingly: "It's a backward Spring." There have only been a few days, balmy and divine like the spring of the poets.

Even in towns every one appreciates the first change when January days begin to lengthen, and the first really fine

The afternoon comes towards the end of the month. In the country  
January Nature seems to make a great bound forward towards light and  
Flower hope. All the months are busy to the gardener, but January is  
Shows particularly so. There are the seeds to order and the hot-beds  
to make up, so much re-potting to be done. The Cannas, which  
have been dried off under bushes after the first frost, and stored  
in a cellar, have to be brought up and potted up, only allowing  
one shoot in each pot. This makes them grow and flower out  
of doors much better than putting two or three shoots into a pot.  
If this potting up is postponed they come to perfection too late.  
All gardening means looking forward, imagining what is not,  
and at the end of January the first real sign of autumn planting  
shows itself. The straight spears of the Snowdrops and the cool  
glaucous green leaves of the Daffodil pierce the brown earth.  
The colour of the Narcissus leaves is not only beautiful in itself,  
but strongly suggestive of water, and certainly constitutes a  
most delicious ground-work for the bright yellow of the  
blossoms.

In England, where the progress of early Spring is so slow,  
I think it is an instructive joy to go and meet her in the halls of  
the Royal Horticultural Society on dark afternoons in January  
and February. There one realises all that can be done under  
glass, and how things ought to look when well-grown. It is  
never pleasant to acknowledge one's own failures, but it is well  
to feel them, and it is a very helpful plan to compare the chronicle  
of one's own errors side by side with the brilliant successes seen  
at these shows.

So early as the 26th of January this year (1904), at one of  
these Drill Hall shows, there was a beautiful plant, in a pot, of  
*Clematis cirrbosa* covered with flowers. This excited my admira-

tion, as for years I have had a plant in a pot, and never flowered it at all. I cannot think why it is not more grown in cool yet sunny greenhouses, or even with the slight protection of a glass verandah, as it is all but hardy round London, and quite so in Devonshire and Ireland. It comes from North Africa. The improvement in late flowering Chrysanthemums is marked: "Winter Green" and "Tramfield Pink" struck me last spring as especially worth growing for table decoration in January. Cannell had a really fine show at the end of January of a comparatively new plant, which is very effective when massed together—the beautiful blue *Coleus Thyrsoideus*. The only chance of its living when gathered is to plunge the stalks, the moment they are picked, into warm water. It is the same with other varieties of *Coleus*, and many plants besides: if once they flag in the least they never recover.

To me the most attractive things in the February shows were the small half-hardy winter Irises, grown in pans and pots: *I. Sindjarensis*, with a pretty green foliage; *I. Histrio*, *I. Reticulata*, *I. Persica*, etc.; all rather expensive to buy, but the whole tribe come out beautifully in water if picked in bud—a great merit for those who care to send flowers away. Cutbush's Highgate Nurseries catalogues and Wallace's, of Colchester, have long lists of bulbous and tuberous-rooted Irises. How few people take the trouble to find out the requirements of the hardy *Iris Stylosa*, the most beautiful of our winter-flowering plants. When well established, this Iris flowers unprotected through the whole winter—a precious garden gem.

But while we in towns are talking of shows and the cultivation of Spring under glass, in the country her tender feet are spreading far and wide into the hedgerows, and in the herbaceous

The borders great strong tufts are growing and covering the ground.  
February In our warm Surrey soil all this comes to pass early and more  
Flower happily than in colder, heavier soils, and the weeds that cause us  
Shows so much trouble later on are very beautiful in early Spring. The  
only thing which makes spring gardening really ugly, I think,  
is when bulbs are grown out of clean, bare, well-weeded beds.

My garden, generally speaking, looks brown and colourless in early Spring. The large trees are too close together to stretch their brown arms handsomely against the pale sky, though their edges shiver in the wind. One piece of spring gardening I have which gives me great pleasure year by year. It is a broad grass border by the side of a gravel path under these self-same trees, most of them tall Spanish chestnut. From February to May it is really a pretty sight. Snowdrops there are to begin with, but they never grow luxuriantly in our soil. At the bottom of this green border, where the path turns and the long sweep of grass catches the Eastern sunshine, there is a very good Crocus effect. First, yellow Crocuses all in a mass coming through the brown fronds of dead ferns; then a shady place with Dog-tooth Violets and Daffodils, that come later in the year; then a mass of the dark purple Crocus, fading away into a mass of pale grey ones slightly striped; round a corner, some more yellow ones, into which now and then appears, as a wanderer, a lilac or a white bunch with five or six flowers. The procession ends with a quantity of pure white Crocus. The yellow ones are perhaps the least pretty in the grass, but one loves them as they come out the first; and in the ferns and grass, curiously enough, the sparrows leave them alone, though they attack them savagely in bare beds. Jack Frost's icy fingers do not turn the rims of the purple ones white under the protection of the trees, as they do

in the open. When first I planted this Crocus walk, some years ago, I put in 500 of each sort at the same time. It seemed rather extravagant when I did it, but it has quite answered, and turned out a most satisfactory piece of planting. All grass where bulbs are planted wants mowing twice a year, in July and October. This last is most important, and facilitates spring growing; and when the leaves are swept up in November, a sprinkle of fresh earth and leaf mould does good—supplying what you take away.

To go back to the succession under the trees facing north-west, and getting little sun all the spring-time. After the Snowdrops come the first early wild Daffodils or Lent-Lilies, then Dog-tooth Violets, white and purple; and though liliaceous bulbs, they have stood the dryness well, being quite shaded all the summer. The beautiful North American kinds, which do so well in damp woods, I have not ventured on, as they want more moisture than I can give them. All the plants and bulbs in this spring grass border are planted in masses and clumps, in imitation of Nature—growing together, and yet without formality, one kind spreading more or less into the next group. I have also some *Corydalis*, or bulbous *Fumitory*, with lovely fresh leaves and dull purplish flowers, as well as a good white variety. All these flower very early, protected by trees from wind and night frosts, and they are most precious. Primroses, wild Violets, and wood Hyacinths are all planted in the same place. Later, round the beautiful stems of the Chestnut trees, comes the prettiest sight of all—the hardy Anemones. The loveliest, perhaps, are *A. blanda*, *A. apennina*, which flower a little later, and our single wood Anemone and the old double kind, *A. nemorosa fl. pl.*, white as driven snow. In the shade, too, flourishes the pretty

Some sweet wild Woodruff, with its whorled leaves and its miniature white flowers. I have failed utterly to grow any of the wild Orchids: the dryness in summer kills them. Solomon's Seal does well. It seems a pity that on rockeries or in small beds in sunny places the type Crocus' are so seldom grown. The yellow *Crocus Vernus* is a perfect flower, the shape far more beautiful than that of any garden kind. The back of the graceful cup is striped with a series of dark-brown lines, which must not be mistaken for veins: they seem to be only for ornament. At Kew one year I saw several of these type Crocuses—*C. Etruscus*, *C. Biflorus*, *C. Chrysanthus*, *C. White Tuscany*, *C. Susianus*. Both the orange and bronzed *Susianus* flower very early, are importations from the Crimea, and look very well grown in pots or pans. In the paper called *The Garden*, of the 28th of January 1882, there is an interesting account of the Crocus family.

Somewhat neglected in gardens, but one of the loveliest of Nature's spring decorations, are the catkin growing plants, beginning with the handsome male plant of the *Garrya elliptica*, which in favourable winters is most lovely. In dry, light soils it wants a good deal of pruning and feeding to make it do well. I have not succeeded in growing it as a shrub, though it does well so grown in moist soils.

Hazels, which are so useful as food, are too little grown and cultivated now in small gardens. Every one knows the pretty catkins which hang all through the winter, and wave like fairy flags in the wintry blast, but few notice how the real flower of the Hazel appears also in an expanded state in Autumn. The hardy male catkin passes the Winter without external protection, but the female flowers are tenderly wrapped up within an enveloping scale. In March the styles lengthen, and though

very small, their lovely crimson colour makes them quite conspicuous for those who look for them. The bracts grow steadily through the summer, and form envelopes round the nuts, and these envelopes have the shape and often the colour of leaves. Spring. Careful Nut Cultivation

In cultivating Cob-nuts and Filberts for fruit-bearing purposes, it is most essential to keep down suckers, the more tree-like the plants, the more productive they are; hence the importance of removing all plants of any description from the stem, and latent buds from the base and stems of seedlings. The height of stem may vary from one foot to six feet. The trees are classified according to the height of their stems as standards, half standards, and dwarf standards, the natural or many stemmed bush being generally termed a nut or filbert stool. For beauty of growth along wood paths these are much the prettiest, and if the soil is carefully prepared by trenching and manuring they do well in almost any soil. A good deep loam in a rather dry sunny position is what suits the Cob-nuts best, as it encourages the production of short fruit-bearing wood. During severe Winters the male blossoms are often injured by frost. In other seasons and in certain localities, the cultivated Filbert produces few catkins. In either case, these should be collected from wild Hazel nuts, and suspended among the better varieties. When planting, choose well-established suckers, or layers, four or more years old. Firmly stake them as soon as planted, and place a spadeful or two of manure on the soil over the roots. The botanical name for the nut is *Corylus*, from *Korys*, a hood or helmet, in reference to the calyx covering the nut. This nut cultivation has led me into a long digression, but I feel sorry to see nut trees so seldom grown with care. All the Willow tribe have pretty flowers on the bare stems;



An early pussies or palms the children call them; wild or cultivated they are lovely objects. The catkins of the white Poplar are particularly showy. A stall at the Horticultural Show one day in February was entirely devoted to Catkinas and flowers of this nature, and very interesting and beautiful they were.

A very early flowering-shrub, and one rarely grown, as it is not showy, is *Nuttallia cerasiformis*, a deciduous shrub, a native of California. It grows anywhere, and is quite hardy. It can be lifted for early flowering, as can also the *Ribes Sanguineum*, and its white variety, which the *Nuttallia* somewhat resembles when in bloom. No garden lover who cares for individual plants should be without an *Azara microphylla*, a South American shrub, with small, delicate, evergreen foliage, and quite hardy. I suppose it likes a light sandy soil, as it does equally well with me on a north wall, and also facing south, as a bush. Both flourish, and both in spring are covered with miniature yellow flowers, which grow on the underneath side of the branches, and are so small they might easily be passed over, but that for a few days in March they fill the whole air with a delicious delicate scent exactly like vanilla.

I suppose we all have, in spite of much disappointment and many fits of depression, moments of pride and pleasure in our gardens; moments when we long to show them off, these our children making perhaps a special gardening effect, to some understanding friend. This comes to me most years when late frosts have not been severe, and the beautiful Crown Imperials raise their stately heads in very large clumps. They are strong plants, and are no doubt able to take care of themselves in some soils and some climates, but here, in this sandy, dry Surrey, nothing does well if left really alone. "Wild gardening" as a synonym for

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CROWN IMPERIALS.

*WOODLANDS, CORHAM.*

1

leaving alone, spells failure and deterioration for everything, Spring.  
even the common Primroses! The soil must be renewed every Crown  
two or three years, and the greatest difficulty is to know when Imperials  
to replant things in a full border. Crown Imperials must be  
done in June or July, as, once the bulbs have started into  
growth, moving them, as gardeners generally do when digging  
up the borders in October and November, is fatal, and results in  
a quantity of weak green shoots and no flowers at all. I have  
three coloured Crown Imperials—the so-called red, which is a  
terra-cotta colour; the pale yellow, and an orange-coloured one  
which is less free flowering and comes into bloom a little later  
than the others. Mr Robinson's charming new periodical,  
"Flora and Silva," which is not nearly well enough known, is  
published monthly, with a beautifully reproduced coloured plate,  
for the small sum of 1s. 3d. In the July number of 1903 there  
is an article on *Fritillaria*, and a coloured illustration of  
*F. Askabadensis*, which I have never seen. Apparently it is only  
half hardy, and has to be treated like other spring bulbs—potted  
up in early Autumn, plunged in the open till well rooted, and then  
put in a cool green-house or cold frame, when it will flower early  
in the year. The article recommends raising *Fritillarias* from  
seed. This I have never tried.

For a brilliant, showy effect in shrubberies in early Spring,  
there is nothing like bold clumps of Honesty, *Lunaria biennis*;  
but, like the Foxglove, it is one of those biennials which puzzle  
amateurs who think that because they have a fine show one  
year they will get the same in the next, and this is just what  
does not happen. These biennials sow themselves freely, and  
all the cultivation necessary is thinning out and transplanting  
last year's seedlings to where they are to flower. This can be

Grape done as soon as the autumn weather gets cool and wet, and the Hyacinths earlier the better. Grape Hyacinths (*Muscari*) look lovely and grown on a bank or along a shady hedge, planted thickly and in a large quantity. They appear year after year, probably in some soils for ever, if not disturbed; their Crocus-like leaves are well above the ground in early Autumn.

I find it a great privilege to be near a first-rate nursery like Mr Barr's at Surbiton, and he is so kind and so willing to teach the amateur really interested that I learn there a very great deal. He is most successful with the *Iris stylosa*, which flower at Surbiton from December to April, planted right in the open ground with no sort of protection. They are never moved, only pieces taken off if he wants to increase them, and mulched with manure now and then in August when they are forming their buds deep down among the rushy growth. Being well in the open, they catch every ray of the low winter sun. Though so unshowy when growing, is there any winter flower half so lovely as an *Iris stylosa* picked in bud, early in the morning, and joyfully bursting into full bloom in the warm room? But to return to the nursery: at perhaps its most glorious time, the Tulip time in May—for the Daffodil season in April is very attractive, is all more or less of one colour—but at the Tulip time, there are sheets and bands of beautiful pure colour of every shade and every kind except blue. I have never seen the famous Tulip acres in Holland, so I know nothing that surpasses Mr Barr's fields of early and late Tulips. I long to have them all; but apart from the question of room in a private garden, there is the very important consideration of price, and one should order with care, as many of the cheap Tulips are just as beautiful as the expensive ones. In Tulip-planting in gardens, there are

many plants besides the Forget-me-nots which help to cover the Spring.  
 ground: *Sax. Wallacei* taken up after flowering, and divided Early Tulip  
 and replanted over Tulips in October, makes a beautiful ground- Effects  
 work; so does the double *Arabis*, *Silene*, *Limnanthus*  
*Douglasii*, Wall-flowers, and many other things. Tulips planted  
 in groups in full herbaceous borders look very well, and can be  
 planted so deep that they need not be disturbed. If Tulips are  
 taken up too early they are little use for the next year. But if  
 this must be done, then the best way is to take them up and  
 plunge them at once into pails of water, then plant them in a  
 trench in half shade that has been well wetted, and leave them  
 there till the leaves and stalks are quite gone; then lift them, dry  
 them in the sun, and plant again in October. For forcing and  
 table decoration, pink double Tulips are, I think, the best. The  
 names of a few of the good ones are: *Salvator rosa*, Lady  
 Palmerston, Murillo, Princess Beatrice, *Couronne de Roses*; this  
 has a very fine soft rose-colour when forced. I think quite the most  
 beautiful early flowering Tulip out of doors is *T. Greigii*, but it  
 is a bit difficult; it wants to be planted deep, and to be left  
 alone in a warm sheltered place. *T. Sylvestris* and *T. Reflexa*  
 are both lovely in shape. Three very good purple expensive  
 ones are "Remembrance," "Zephir," and "Valentine." "Mrs  
 Moon" is a lovely shaped yellow, something like *Reflexa*, but  
 later flowering. "Susan" is a lovely Tulip by candle-light.  
 "Blushing Bride" and "Cottage Maid" are very pretty cheap  
 Tulips. A double Tulip, called "Yellow Rose," is an excellent  
 one for planting in grass, or on a slope. Its head is a little  
 heavy for its stalk, and it gets rain-splashed in the border, but  
 in the grass it lies smiling upwards, and is very repaying, as it  
 lasts a long time. In all planting of Tulips with other plants

Difficulties between, they look far better if not planted formally but in of Spring large and small groups. Laying flat stones on the bed and Gardening planting round them is a great help. This is the great difficulty of all spring planting—avoiding formality and getting the right contrast of colour. To achieve these two things is the great triumph of Spring Gardening. Tulips do well planted in grass in moist soils, but that is not the case in light sand.

In Summer nature throws her arms about and plays all sorts of unexpected and beautiful tricks, but in Spring everything depends on the imagination of the gardener. Nature brings forth what you have yourself put in; she does nothing else for you. The aim of the horticulturist for large masses of all one colour and for every bulb to be the same height is, I think, a mistaken ambition, especially in small and informal gardens. These should always be an enlargement of the cottage garden, not an imitation of the stately, formal terraces of large places, such as figure with magnified dignity and all the exaggerated perspective of photography in "Country Life."

Once the bulbs are nearly over, and when the tall, single Cottage Tulips, graceful and varied, reminding one of the embroideries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are only straight green seed pods, and the Parrot Tulips bow their heads and lie down to drop their lovely petals on the ground—then comes a time of rest and dulness difficult to cope with in almost every garden. Spring is dying, and the lingering cold winds frighten away the approach of Summer.

The Ranunculus tribe which help to fill the gap are difficult to grow in light soils. *R. amplexicaules*, so well worth growing, has a tiresome way of disappearing. In a half shady border, full in Autumn of the flowers of the

Japanese Anemones, the roots of which so resent being disturbed, I grow *R. Aconitifolius*, with its pretty name of "Fair Maids of France," and its single form, which grows by Swiss mountain streams. *R. Acris*, the double and single "Bachelor's Buttons," also survive. With difficulty and care, and some spring watering, I manage the two commonest varieties of the Trollius, which are well worth all trouble. First comes *T. Europæus*, with its almost uniquely globular form, "Globe-flower" being its well-deserved name. Pale yellow, with its moonlight hue like the Mimosa, and then a little later *T. Asiaticus*, smaller, with bright orange yellow flowers showing orange red anthers, it seems to flourish better here in my warm soil than the European variety, in memory, perhaps, of its warmer home in China and Japan. The difficulties of growing well so many desirable plants make one often long for a new garden and another soil, where present failures would grow abundantly and easily. But this discontent I observe only grows if yielded to; a garden here means wishing for a garden in Cornwall, and a garden in Cornwall means wishing for one in the South of France. There the wishes wander to Sicily or North Africa, and so it is best to return to the old platitude, and be content to fight and conquer one's own difficulties. There are at least two distinct sorts of modern gardens: one planted to get good permanent effects three or four months in the year; the other to grow as many healthy plants as possible the whole year round—that is my object, and the reason why my garden is so great a disappointment to many people. The general effect is often crowded, spotty, and untidy, but I can pick incessantly without any fear of spoiling a combination or destroying a contrast that makes a picture while it lasts.



Some of the      Whatever we do or do not do, Spring in England must  
Ranunculus always be lovely, and we all of us long to share our country  
Spring with our town friends. Tennyson's spring invitation to  
an old friend in his last volume called Demeter all will be glad  
to have recalled :—

“Spring flowers while you still delay to take  
Your leave of Town,  
Our elm-tree's ruddy-hearted blossom-flake  
Is fluttering down.

Be truer to your promise. There! I heard  
One cuckoo call.  
Be needle to the magnet of your word,  
Nor wait, till all

Our vernal bloom from every vale and plain  
And garden pass,  
And all the gold from each laburnum chain  
Drop to the grass.

Is memory with your Marian gone to rest,  
Dead with the dead?  
For ere she left us, when we met, you prest  
My hand and said :

‘I come with your spring flowers.’ You came not, friend ;  
My birds would sing,  
You heard not. Take, then, this spring flower I send,  
This song of Spring,

And you that now are lonely, and with Grief  
Sit face to face,  
Might find a fleeting glimmer of relief  
In change of place.

What use to brood? this mingled life of pains  
And joys to me,  
Despite of every Faith and Creed, remains  
The mystery.

Spring.

The silver year should cease to mourn and sigh  
Not long to wait—  
So close are we, dear Mary, you and I  
To that dim gate."

The wish to share what we have with those we love  
cannot, I think, be more charmingly expressed than is done  
in these verses by the poet of the generation now passing  
away, the Tennyson we loved in our youth.

MARIA THERESA EARLE.

# FEBRUARY

"Out of the snow the Snowdrops,  
Out of Death comes Life."

—David Gray.

Heralds of Spring STRICTLY speaking, February belongs to the Winter months, but when it grants us mild sunny days, and we feel the life stirring in the garden around us, and the first flowers begin to bloom, our thoughts turn to the delights of Spring, looking forward with happy anticipation to the wonderful succession of beauty which the year is to bring us in our gardens. We forget for a time that long spells of East wind are sure to follow, that the moist earth will again be hard as iron, and all vegetation suspend its growth. This year the heralds of Spring are later than usual. *Anemone Blanda*, which often cheers us early in January by the sight of its bent stalks and blue tips forcing their way through the ground, now on February 18th is hardly showing. It has been a mild winter too, only one spell of hard frost which lasted about a week, but the sun has refused to shine, and rain has fallen almost incessantly.

Snowdrops undoubtedly bring the first real effect of the year. They are in perfection now in a neighbouring garden, and seem to have taken entire possession of a wood. There must be millions of them, single and double, long stalks holding their graceful bells, and making lovely sheets of glistening white through the rich warm brown of last year's leaves. They seem to grow equally well under the fine old



SNOWDROPS.

*BOURNE PARK, CANTERBURY.*



Elms half covered with Ivy, looking almost like gigantic evergreens, and under the brushwood already warm in tone with coming life. Sunshine reveals them at their best, the three-petalled bell is then open, displaying the green spotted frill inside. The low winter rays turn the grey-green leaves to a golden green, and transfigure a white that can look almost too coldly pure. We have tried to naturalise them in our wood, but they will not grow as they do at Bourne Park, only three miles away, and it is foolish to hope for a real effect if they refuse to multiply of themselves; a thousand bulbs planted, sounds rich in promise but the result is disappointing. They seem to revel and increase rapidly in a loose soil, rich with decayed wood and leaf mould and rather damp. My ambition is to get them established at the foot of a bank running up a slip of wood of mixed Beech, Elm and Oak, and lying open to the West. In the dampest part there is also to be a colony of the Swiss spring Snowflake, with its big round bell and spots of green outside.

On the bank itself are already *Cyclamen Coum*, ranging from almost white to pink and rosy red. They are in flower with the Snowdrops, sometimes appearing as early as January, and make a precious and unusual bit of colour in these winter months. They last many weeks and stand bad weather well, reappearing as bright as possible from under a heavy fall of snow. Their leaves are very dark and round and smooth, with a rosy-purple underside, and help very much to make the tiny flowers effective. Their position on the top of the bank seems to suit them perfectly; the tubers, throwing up a profusion of flowers, grow larger each year, and distribute seedlings round them in a most satisfactory way. To increase the stock it is a

Winter good plan to pick the curled seed vessels when ripe and sow  
Aconite them at once in pots, which should be placed in a cold frame;  
and early repot them when they have thrown up their first tiny leaves, and  
Shrubs keep under glass till they are strong enough to be trusted out of  
doors. *Cyclamen Neapolitanum* prospers on the same bank,  
forming a pretty contrast to *Cyclamen Coum*. The leaves are  
mottled green and white, very handsomely marked, heart-shaped,  
and rather serrated at the edge. Unfortunately, no dainty white  
flowers are to be found on it now: this plant divides its  
beauties, the flowers being in perfection in the early Autumn,  
and the leaves in the Winter and Spring.

Winter Aconite (*Eranthis Hyemalis*) is another invaluable  
plant for this season. It flowers from January to March, and  
is easily naturalised in woods or thin grass; beneath big trees  
where even grass will not grow, this tuberous rooted perennial  
forms a carpet of yellow under low sweeping boughs. Grown  
with Snowdrops it gives beautiful and simple effects of colour  
in the wood, but it is as well to keep it away from the neigh-  
bourhood of the Cyclamen, as the pink and yellow are too gaudy  
a combination and spoil each other. The early Grape Hyacinths,  
*Muscari Azureum* and Heavenly Blue, also look well with  
Snowdrops, and are quite hardy.

Two very charming shrubs are in flower now—*Chimon-  
anthus fragrans* and Winter Jasmine—*Jasminum nudiflorum*.  
The Chimonanthus needs a South wall, and then from January  
to March will bear strange little faintly-coloured flowers close  
to the woody stems with a very sweet smell; they are delicious  
for picking, but insignificant on the plant. In a good season  
the Jasmine can be counted on for a gay bit of colour all  
through the Winter, but this year the frequent rain has never



CYCLAMEN COUM.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*





given it a chance. It is a convenient hardy climber, growing February. very rapidly, and easily increased by the suckers which form round the roots of an old plant. It is contented with any aspect, but is worth granting a share of a Southern wall as it repays the attention by beginning to flower well in November, and in the early Spring will cover itself with yellow sprays.

# MARCH

"Often, in sheltering brakes  
As one from rest disturb'd in the first hour,  
Primrose or violet bewilder'd wakes,  
And deems 'tis time to flower ;  
Though not a whisper of her voice he hear,  
The buried bulb does know  
The signals of the year,  
And hails far Summer with his lifted spear."  
—*Coventry Patmore.*

Crocuses in Grass **M**ARCH brings us as its first great joy the Crocuses ; a few days ago the green tips were hardly visible, now the sun has forced their hearts open, and the grass is streaked with their brilliant colour :—

" . . . And winter sped,  
Whirled before the Crocus the year's new gold."

The common Crocus lends itself to a great variety of effect with its rich purples and yellows and delicate mauves and whites, and will grow in almost any position, semi-shade or sun, in grass, round trees or shrubs, or in the open borders. It is not particular about soil but increases fastest in a good loam with some sand added. Everywhere they are delightful, but for greatest beauty grow them in the grass, because, having only insignificant leaves of their own, they look the better for a background of green. An old orchard near here is one of the loveliest Spring sights of the year—the grass under the

trees transformed into shimmering waves of mauve and white, March. with Primrose tips which promise a further pleasure, and white Crocus and purple Violets already opening their fragrant flowers. The Colour Crocuses look as much at home as the small wild one of the Effect Swiss Alps. There the white one with a deep purple stem is the commonest, but a few of the mauve are generally interspersed. A little damp seems to suit them, as wherever there is a dimple on the slope or a terrace shaded by trees, the ground will be almost as white as if snow were lying.

To obtain the most brilliant effects, plant "Cloth of Gold"—a name which truly describes it—or "Cloth of Gold" mixed with *Crocus purpureus grandiflorus*, making together a truly regal carpet if planted in large masses. Intermixed too much they are apt at a distance to give a speckly result. A graduated stream of white and mauve and purple winding through the grass and round stems of trees looks beautiful. Mont Blanc, Madame Mina, and *Crocus purpureus grandiflorus* may be used if the small expense of about 2s. a hundred be not a consideration, or cheap lots can be had at 10d. a hundred in separate colours only in mixed kinds; but these economies are generally regretted afterwards. In this way they are used largely in the London parks, and many more gardens might imitate the plan with great advantage; while the beds are still bare, filled with their dormant plants, there are stretches of grass which should be made at this time to burst into lovely blossom. The only penalty attached to this pleasure is that the grass must remain unmown till May, but that is a small one if the places are chosen with wisdom. I find a good tool for planting them is an ordinary weeding spud; a hole about 3 in. deep is quickly made with it, and a basket of good soil and sand

**Iris** mixed should be handy; a pinch must be put under each bulb and a handful on the top, and then the grass be pressed back into place. In really thick grass a heavy iron bar about 4 ft. 6 in. long, with a blunt point at one end, is a very useful weapon for putting in bulbs; if raised a little and then dropped, its own weight drives it into the ground several inches, and by a twisting movement the hole is easily made big enough even for *Narcissus* bulbs.

Besides these Dutch kinds, which lend themselves so well to massing, there are many rare kinds flowering earlier, which must be treated as treasures. By the bestowal of a little care it is possible to have *Crocuses* in flower from the end of August to April.

On a warm bank *Iris reticulata* and Mont Blanc *Crocus* are making a charming group, the white throwing up the rich purple and orange of this *Iris*. It belongs to the bulbous section of *Irises* or *Xiphions*, and only grows about 10 in. high, but flowers are so precious in February and March that it is worth while planting a good big clump of them. The blossoms last in water a week or ten days, and have the great merit of being very sweet-scented. For some time it was a disappointing plant with us, as it flowered only the first year in the borders and then disappeared, but it seems to appreciate its present position on a dry bank facing west. For success it must have good drainage, some sand, plenty of sun, and protection from slugs. It can be increased from seed, but it takes three years to form a bulb, and the quicker way is to take the off-sets from the old bulbs, disturbing them as little as possible, and planting the babies early in the Autumn. There are other early kinds which flower at the same time and want a similar treatment;



IRIS RETICULATA AND CROCUS.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



*I. bistrio* is perhaps the loveliest of all, with bright blue standards, cream falls and blue markings; *I. bistrioides* also very blue and *I. persica* purple scented like Violets. Hepaticas in Wood

In some gardens Hepaticas—*Anemone hepatica*—are now a feature, but they do not thrive very well with us. One longs for them to grow as they do in the Pine forests and low woods of Switzerland. Under the Pines they do not flower so freely as in less shady places, but make up for the failure in number by bearing much larger flowers, longer in the stalk and fuller in colour. In one lovely spot I remember they were surrounded by tufts of shining white Violets, while not far away in a wood of Oak-scrub the ground was mauve and yellow with them and Primroses, making, with the old brown leaves above, a lovely picture worth a great effort to imitate at home. I brought back several dozen roots, and have planted them on a wooded bank, hoping to prove myself a successful rival on a small scale. They will get light shade in Summer, and sun in Spring when it is needed to open the buds and expose the pretty circle of white stamens. The soil should be light and rich, with plenty of leaf mould and well drained; when once planted they should be left alone, and will grow in time to fine tufts bearing a profusion of flowers. The single ones can be increased by seed, but will not flower for three years. Hepaticas may be had double or single in pink, white, or mauve, but the double white is new and still very rare.

*Anemone blanda* must be considered our greatest early Spring success, particularly as it will not grow well in all gardens and so gratifies our pride with the sight of the lovely patches of blue. It really is nearly a true blue, certainly degrees nearer it than the many flowers which are described as such. We



Anemone had our first tubers many years ago, they were planted under *blanda* the east and west walls of the kitchen garden and took to us in the kindest way. Facing west they are always two or three weeks earlier than those with an eastern aspect, generally beginning to flower in January and reaching their full beauty in March. Both seed freely, and have increased so much that we have been able to try naturalising them under trees and in the grass. A piece of ground was well cleared on the south side of an old Yew and the Anemones put in with a clump or two of *Daffodil cernuus*, the early soft cream-white one which is so delicate it wants some colour to show it up. This year the bed has been quite beautiful; the ground and even their own green were quite hidden with the large starry flowers, set close together, all turning their eyes to the sun, and in every shade of blue, from a pale one almost grey to a real deep azure. The loveliest variety of all has a clear white ring round the base of the petals. The bed has the great merit of retaining its beauty for several weeks—the flowers saving themselves by shutting every night and only opening on dry days. We are trying them too in the rough grass into which our lawn merges. It would be delightful if the blue stars could be scattered there as the mauve-pink ones are in the Italian fields, but with us that plan does not answer as the grass is too coarse, forming a mass of roots half a foot deep. The only plan when starting a colony of some fresh flower is to clear the ground completely and carpet it with some small-rooted green plant. *Ornithogalum umbellatum* and *nutans* might be used to succeed the fading Anemones. The former might perhaps struggle successfully in the grass itself—certainly in the meadows above Como it is almost as common as Daisies; on grey days



ANEMONE BLANDA. DAFFODIL CERNUUS.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



when the striped green petals are closely shut it is hardly March. noticeable, but in the sun each stem bears eight or nine white Chionodoxa satin-like flowers. *Nutans* is taller, ten or twelve inches in and Scilla height, with the flowers arranged up the stem forming a handsome spike. In a light soil it increases very fast and sometimes becomes a troublesome weed.

Another flower which gives us great delight in March is *Chionodoxa Luciliae*. Here it takes time to establish itself and then sends up spikes 8 in. high, bearing ten or so most exquisite sky-blue flowers with a pointed white centre to each. A few dozen scattered about a rockery give no idea of its beauty, there should be at least a large group of them. No great preparation is needed when planting, a little leaf mould and sand will content them, and 3s. will buy a hundred but will probably not satisfy the purchaser. *Chionodoxa Sardensis* is a little earlier and a little bluer, but the flowers do not form such a pretty spray. *Scilla Siberica* is in the same border, but they ought not to be very close together; the two blues a little spoil each other's beauty, and *Siberica* is dwarfed by its taller neighbour. I feel that all these early blue flowers are helped very much in effect by the addition of some cream-white, such as Hyacinths, white Polyanthus, and the double white Primroses. They are low-growing and not seen to the best advantage against their mother earth: very little green is out except that of the Welsh Poppy, which is a good neighbour to any early bulbs—low while they are in flower and growing tall enough later to cover the faded remains with its yellow flowers.

Two of the sweetest scented plants of the year belong to this month—*Daphne Mezereum* and the Violet. The Daphne,

Daphne though of an unobtrusive shade of pink, is very effective if and grown in sufficient quantity; several good-sized bushes look well together against Yews or dark evergreens with white Violet Polyanthus beneath them. On a warm spring day the scent is delicious and travels far. We are very fortunate in having many wild sweet Violets about the place—it seems almost a contradiction to talk of the modest Violet making an effect, but they certainly form delightful patches of colour growing wild in the grass—there are white, lavender grey, puce and purple, and all very sweet.

# APRIL

“Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote  
The drogte of Marche hath perced to the rote,  
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,  
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;  
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth  
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth  
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,  
And smale fowles waken melodye,  
That slepen all the night with open yē  
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages):  
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages  
(And palmers for to seken straunge strondes)  
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes;  
And specially, from every shires ende  
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende.”

—*Chaucer.*

**F**OREMOST in beauty among April flowers are the Narcissi  
Daffodils, or rather the Narcissi—Daffodils being only a and  
group of the genus. So rich in colour and so lush in Daffodil  
growth, they seem, coming at its height, to be the very essence  
of Spring. If careful in our choice of varieties their bloom can  
be enjoyed from March to the middle of May.

As yet we have few of the rarer sorts, and from our own  
experiences can only offer suggestions for some simple arrange-  
ments of the old kinds; but these will fill the garden with a  
beauty which no summer flowers can excel. They lend them-  
selves above all others to naturalisation: by which I mean they  
can be planted and left alone year after year, and be made to look  
as though they were really wild in field or wood. Our own

Wild West Country pastures, rich with the small wild Daffodil, and the Narcissus Pheasant-eye Narcissus of the Swiss Alps, suggest an ideal to attain to. Few things are more wonderful than the Narcissus fields above the Lake of Geneva, gleaming from miles away like a fall of snow on the slopes of the mountains: to hope for similar acres of scented bloom would be useless in most gardens, but we can adapt the idea to our own country. Our woods, fields, the banks of streams and the edges of lakes can be thickly planted with them, enhancing the beauty on every side. If we have not the opportunity of planting on this large scale, we can fill the dull spaces in front of our shrubberies, and the bare ground between young shrubs, or any stretches of grass running perhaps under the shade of trees which can be left unmown till the leaves are dead. For picking it is a good plan to plant them in clumps between Gooseberry and Currant bushes.

Early in April the rough grass lying between the lawn and wood is dancing with Daffodils. The first out are *Obvallaris* and the old double yellow; Primroses cluster at their feet, the lemon and deep yellow making a pleasant contrast round an old Yew-tree. Then a little later, where the branches of a big tree sweep the ground, the Stellas raise their pointed buds and open lemon-coloured petals, revealing the yellow cups; *Obvallaris*, only half the height of Stella, displays its golden-yellow flowers in the foreground, Emperor raises its strong wide trumpets behind, and the early Forget-me-not (*dissitiflora*) encircles them with a sky-blue ring. For this particular group we took the coarse grass right away, replacing it with Forget-me-not and Welsh Poppy. The latter enjoys the shade as much as the Daffodils, but as it resents being transplanted it is best to sow it where wanted and it will soon multiply itself. Later, when the



DAFFODILS AND FORGET-ME-NOT.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*





dead flowers of *Stella* have all been picked off, there is a pretty April. effect with Pheasant-eye rising from its blue setting, and, still later again, towards the end of May, the double Gardenia-like Narcissus will be in flower. Planting of Daffodils

Where the grass does not grow strong enough to stifle the bulbs the best plan is to lift the turf, fork the soil well to a good depth, and when it has settled down again plant the bulbs, and replace the turf. If it is too sticky add some gritty stuff or wood ashes, and never allow strong manure to lie round the bulbs, though in some soils they will be the better for old manure filtering through from above. To increase the stock plant in fresh ground deeply dug, with good drainage. In two years the strong kinds ought to have doubled themselves; it is most important that any lifting should be done in June or July, whenever the leaves have turned yellow about half way down. August and September are the right months for replanting and give the strongest growth, but the bulbs will flower fairly well if put in as late as November.

All the common, and many of the new lovely sorts, do well in any average soil and under deciduous trees if not too near the roots. The "Book of the Daffodil," by the Rev. S. S. Bourne, would be found a great help by any one wishing to make a collection. It gives most valuable information concerning the best kinds to grow, and how to grow them, with much useful general advice, such as: to buy well to start with, good bulbs taking no more room than bad; to have all the most beautiful classes represented, and to consider the succession of flower and the different shades of yellow. It is a mistake to mix the bulbs of several kinds which flower at the same time, they look so much better in distinct groups—the groups being

Selections of sometimes allowed to intermingle and a full yellow being used Narcissus to show off a pale one.

The number of varieties is now so great that a selection must be made. At every Spring exhibition new and most beautiful flowers are produced which one longs to buy by the hundred, and on inquiry finds that even a single bulb is a prohibitive price. The following list gives the names of a few of those suitable for massing, and reasonable in price. They are arranged in five groups, as far as possible in the order of their flowering.

**Group 1.—*Large Trumpeted varieties, or "Long Crowns"***

*Pseudo-Narcissus.* The early English wild one.

*Princeps.* Larger than the former but the same colouring, pale yellow perianth and a golden yellow trumpet.

*Telamonius plenus.* Common double Daffodil—good for effect from a distance.

*Obvallaris.* Self yellow, rather short and not so hardy as some.

*Medium Crowns or Star Narcissi*

*Queen Bess.* The first of the Stella variety. Lemon yellow.

**Group 2.—“*Long Crowns*”**

*Horsfieldii*, quite one of the finest, with its wonderful blending of palest lemon perianth and very yellow trumpet, and its handsome blue-green foliage.

Empress is very like the above but a little larger and more expensive, and flowers later.

April.  
Good  
Varieties of  
Narcissus

*Medium Crowns*

Sir Watkin, very large, self yellow full colour.

*Stella*, very strong grower, tall and graceful, nearly white perianth and pale yellow cup.

*Short Crowns*

*Odorus rugulosus*. Yellow jonquil, very sweet.

**Group 3.—*Long Crowns***

Emperor, full yellow, very large, tall and strong.

*Medium Crowns Double*

Orange Phoenix (Eggs and Bacon), white and reddish orange.

Golden Phoenix (Butter and Eggs), pale and deep yellow.

*Short Crowns*

*Burbidgei*, white perianth and orange cup.

**Group 4.—*Medium Crowns***

*Barri conspicuus*, very useful large starry yellow flowers with orange red cups.

Sulphur Phoenix—double—(Codlins and Cream) white and pale yellow.

Mrs Langtry

Minnie

Duchess of Brabant

} all pale starry flowers.

Good  
Varieties of  
Narcissus

Group 5.—*Long Trumpets*

Grandee, like *Horsfieldii*—very fine.

*Short Crowns*

Beatrice Heseltine, rather more expensive, with red-edged cup.

*Præcox grandiflorus*.

*Ornatus*, small but very sweet, pale eye.

*Narcissus biflorus*, two flowers on a stem with lemon yellow eye.

*Poetarum*, with a very red eye.

*Poeticus*, the garden Pheasant-eye, tall and strong.

*Poeticus plenus*, like a gardenia.

The Pheasant-eye Narcissi in this group all flower one after the other in the kindest way.

No white-trumpeted varieties have been included because, though quite lovely, they are delicate and expensive for massing. The small *Cernuus* does pretty well with us, and looks lovely growing from *Anemone Blanda*, but we have not trusted it in the grass, and for pale yellow effects it is best to use the *Leedsii* and *Incomparabilis* varieties which are among the hardiest.

Grape Hyacinths belong to this month. The common one *Muscari botryoides* looks lovely planted thickly in front of *Horsfieldii*. They seem just the right tone and strength of blue to go well together, or a rich carpet of two distinct blues can be made by *Muscari* rising from a bed of Forget-me-not *dissitiflora*. There are white and pale blue varieties as well as the deep blue one, all hardy and thriving in almost any soil.

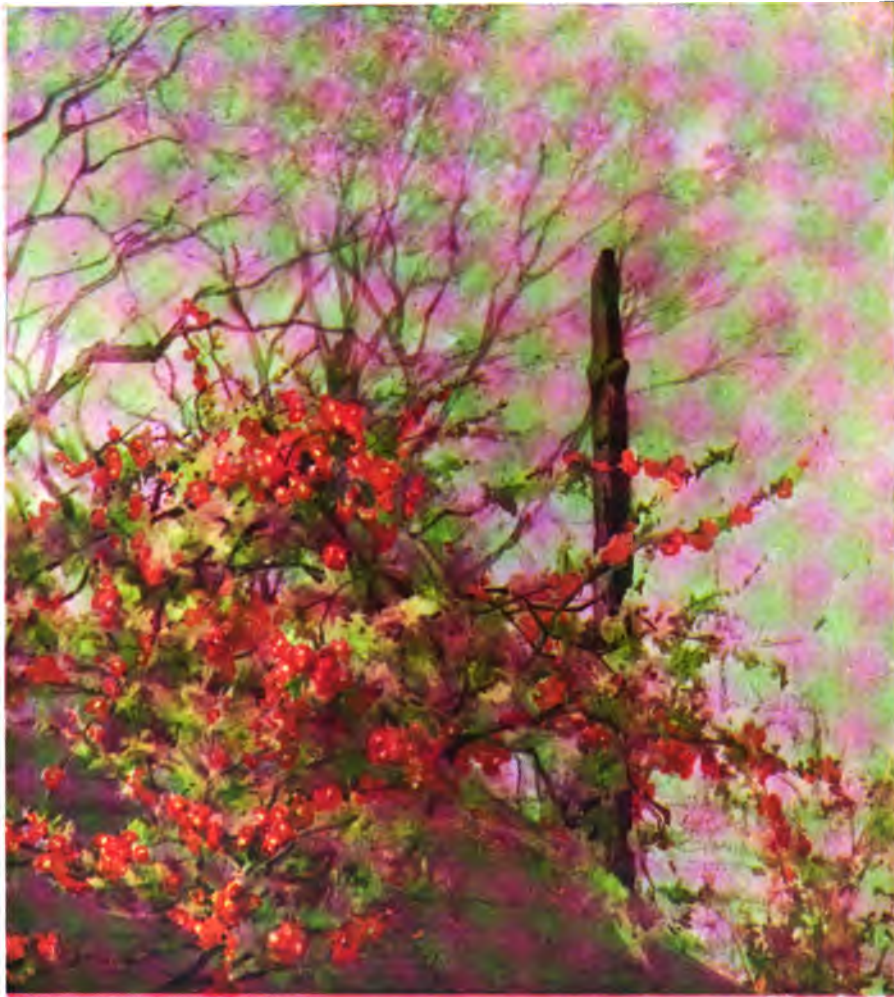
*Muscari Armeniacum* and *Heldreichi* are later and finer, but April. they cost 2d. and 4d. apiece instead of 1s. a hundred. *M. conicum* Grape from the Campagna is a useful sort and due to flower in March. Hyacinths

and  
Polyanthus  
Close to one of our groups of Daffodils, and just between two big trees, we have a colony of white and bright yellow *Polyanthus*. They are now in full flower and carry on very charmingly the light and deep yellow tones of the Daffodils. I must confess though that they are not growing as well as they did in a garden border under the shadow of a box edging, and fear their new home was not well enough prepared for them, and that the roots of the trees are robbing them of what little nourishment there is. The shade they appreciate—one day of hot sun being apt to lay leaves and flowers prostrate on the ground—and will thrive under and round trees if given a good deep soil and, if possible, a cool, moist situation. A north aspect under a wall where little or no sun reaches them suits them well, and they will be all the better if some old manure be forked in at the time of planting. We have only two kinds in any quantity at present: white with a yellow eye, and full yellow with an orange eye. I prefer them to the many gold-laced pink, brick-red and crimson ones; many of these are beautiful when looked into, or arranged in water, but from the point of view of colour, for bedding or naturalising in woods, the less gold lacing and the purer the colours, the better they look. A good selection of yellows and rich red browns with Wallflowers of the same tone give an unusual effect of quiet yet deep rich colouring.

Prettier really than the *Polyanthus* are the bunched Primroses. Unfortunately we have very few, but a corner of

Bunched wood in a friend's garden looks now as if a rare Eastern carpet  
Primroses had been spread beneath the trees. *Polyanthus* and Primrose  
and are growing there together, the latter with an especially fine  
Polyanthus range of colours, white, pale and deep yellow, lilac, pink and  
red through many shades to blue and red purple, each plant  
forming a round tuft of bloom. With care one might have the  
most beautiful and varied effect, blending one colour into  
another and sorting out those which were not harmonious.  
The whites and yellows might lead to the shades of blue and  
blue purple. The pinks, and the numberless shades between them  
and the red purples, could form a group by themselves. Among  
Spring flowers they come certainly next to the Daffodils for use  
and beauty and ease of growing. To get up a stock, buy or  
beg seed of some good strain when it is ripe in June, sow it at  
once either out of doors in a bed of fine soil and sand, or in  
shallow boxes. Prick them out when big enough in a shady  
place, and by the following Spring they will be flowering plants.  
Or if a particular colour is wanted, as the seeds cannot be  
depended on to come true, ask for some bits off a friend's plants  
at the end of May. To grow them well, both Primroses and  
*Polyanthus* should be taken up every year or two, according to  
the soil and growth, directly the flowers have faded, the  
tufts pulled to pieces and the crowns replanted separately.  
In good soil the plants will increase so fast that many crowns  
go to the waste-heap which might more profitably be given  
away. If they are to be replanted in the same place in the wild  
garden or wood, the ground must first be well dug and manured.  
If wanted for Spring bedding, plant in some out-of-the-way  
shady spot for the Summer.

The double and single Primroses, being grateful for the



PYRUS JAPONICA.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*





shade and shelter, may also be used as woodland plants, and such April.  
sorts as *Primula Altaica*, a very early mauve-pink one which Blossoming  
begins to flower quite in the Winter. It is best to leave them un- Trees and  
disturbed except for the purposes of increase, when they must be Shrubs  
taken up and divided like the others. The double white is  
lovely, and the pale yellow and the mauve. There is a magenta  
one which is almost too startling in colour.

Spring seems to reach its highest point of beauty by the middle of April. The trees are all bursting into leaf, and on the warm still days a feeling of life and growth pervades the whole garden. It is the moment for the blossoming trees and shrubs, and each year one feels that nothing can be more lovely. This year the late cold weather has brought everything out together, wild Cherry, Almond, *Prunus*, *Pyrus japonica*, *Forsythia*, etc.

The *Pyrus japonica* has been out some weeks and is still in beauty. The sketch was made at Harrow and shows how very much one plant can help another in making an effect. The delicate colouring of the Japonica, its cream flowers splashed with salmon and rose-pink, is well thrown up by the deep plum-red shoots of the Rose growing beside it and trained to the corner of the house. It is often not realised how beautiful the shoots of a free-growing Rose are at this time of year if left unpruned, as many of the Teas should be. The old red Japonica is also very effective. We have a cascade of it over the roof of a tool-house. On a grey morning it is delightful to look up and catch the rose-red branches against the spreading boughs of the Elms still bare, and silhouetted against the sky.

To-day—April 17th—the wild Cherry has looked white for the first time. We have two old trees happily placed near a

Blossoming group of Ilexes, but it is difficult to say if they are really more  
Trees and beautiful against dark foliage than with deciduous trees in their  
Shrubs Spring dress as a background. A Hornbeam close by is a mist  
of exquisite pale green, sweeping down to the greener grass and  
melting into the sky. The Hawthorns are in emerald leaf at  
the edge of the wood, and form a beautiful contrast with the  
rose-purples and browns of the Elms, Oaks, and Beeches.

Almond and purple-leaved Prunus (*Pissardii*) are charming  
together. Unfortunately our Almond trees are still small, and  
the Prunus with us seems a shy flowerer. I am full of envy  
of their beauty in the Villa gardens on the outskirts of the town  
where they are white to their very tips; graceful long boughs  
with an upward growth seen in bold relief against the sky, and  
great sprays of pink Almond sweeping across them. It is  
annoying of them not to flower in the same way here where  
they could have sky and wood as background, and no new red  
houses to strike a discordant note.

*Forsythia suspensa*, with its curved growth and rings of  
yellow blossom set all down the long flowery stems, is one of  
the loveliest shrubs. Daffodils in the grass with *Forsythia* above  
them, repeating the yellow in a more delicate tone, make a  
pretty picture. If space allows a large group of these should  
be planted in a sunny spot. The graceful pendulous branches  
fall to the ground and will sometimes root themselves. It is  
excellent too for training up a house, and will convert a very  
large extent of wall into a sheet of yellow. Any pruning  
that is necessary should be done directly the plant has done  
flowering, but if the situation admits, it is prettier if allowed to  
grow naturally. Cuttings strike very easily.

*Kerria japonica* is another hardy shrub of great beauty



PYRUS JAPONICA. ROSE SHOOT.

*THE HOLT, HARROW, WEALD.*



with yellow flowers, the single kind is not very often seen but April.  
is charming and remains much longer in flower. Blossoming

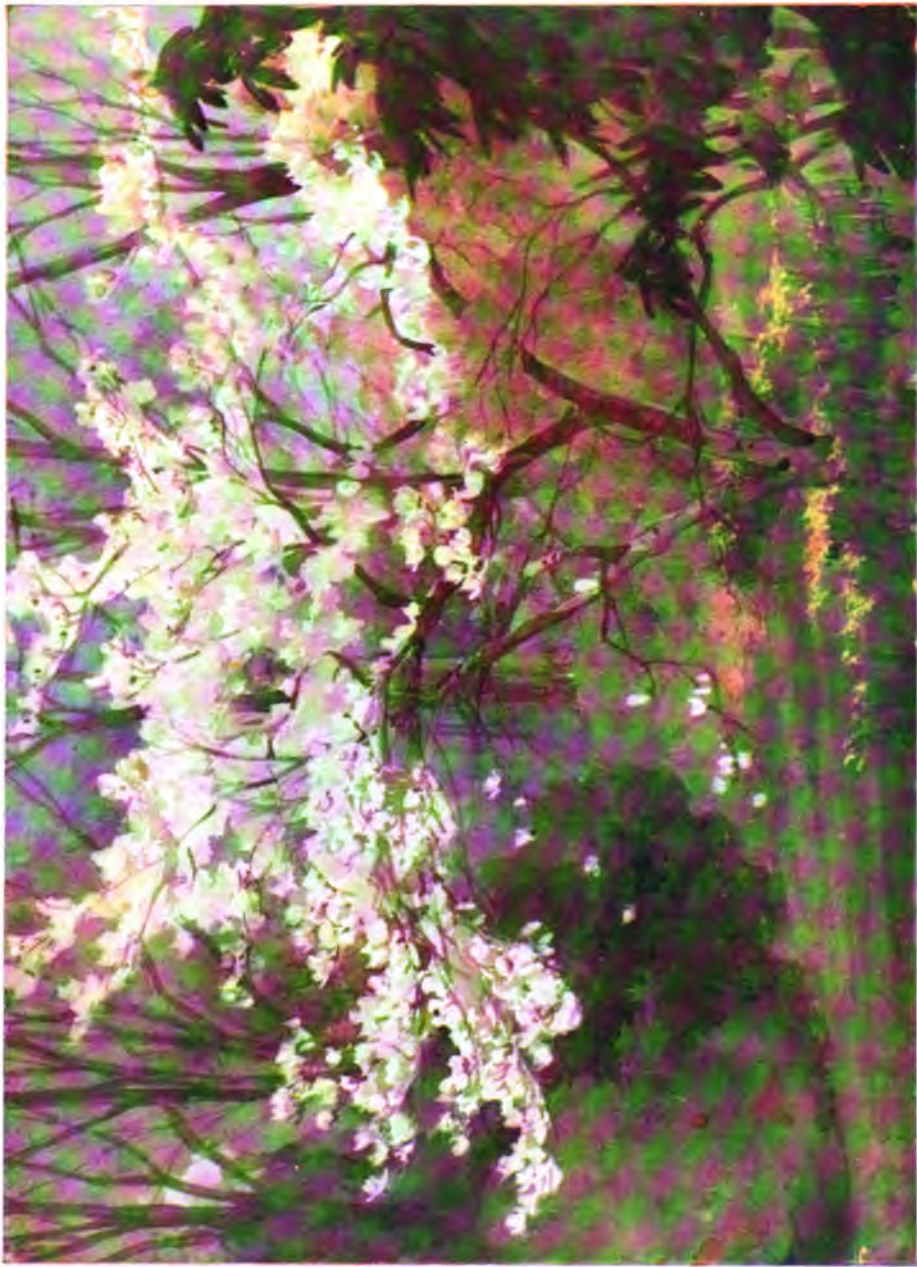
Ribes, both cream and red, are out, and look particularly Shrubs and  
well together if planted against Hollies or any dark evergreens, but Anemones  
they are not so attractive as many of the more delicately coloured  
blossoms, and might be grown in some rather secluded corner.

By the third week in April many less common shrubs  
can be seen in beauty at Kew. *Amelanchier canadensis* is a  
shower of white and looks lovely falling on to its bed of *Stella*  
*Narcissus*. Close by there are clumps of pink and bright red  
*Prunus*, most effective and lovely in colour either against the  
*Ilex* or the bare Elms. *Prunus triloba flore-pleno* is out too,  
making bushes about five feet high, a little too regular in form,  
but very lovely with the long sprays of pale double pink  
blossoms. *Magnolia stellata* is a glistening mass of white stars.  
With us it does not grow freely, but in warm light soils it will  
make a bush four or five feet across and as many in height.  
*Anemone pulsatilla* looks lovely below it—the tufts of silvery-  
haired Lilac flowers, with golden centres, thrown up by the  
white of the *Magnolia*; the creeping dark purple *Oxalis* makes  
a pretty carpet round the *Anemone*, and there should be clumps  
of white *Fritillaria* as its exquisite bells are open at the same time.  
This *Anemone* is perfectly hardy, and can be increased by seed or  
division. It likes a well-drained position and rather calcareous  
soil. *Anemone sylvestris* is another useful variety for growing  
under or round bushes; it is said to like moisture and shade, and  
plenty of room for its creeping roots, but it is a plant with whims  
and sometimes does well in sun. It became quite a weed with  
us in a Rose bed, but refused to grow at all when moved to what  
was supposed to be a more suitable position.

Berberis      Many sorts of Berberis are gay now and worth planting in  
and prominent positions: *B. Stenophylla* most graceful and showy  
Magnolia with long sprays of fine green and hanging orange-yellow  
flowers; *B. Nepalensis* with a very handsome foliage and  
upright spikes of bloom, and *B. Darwinii* making a fine dark  
evergreen bush covered in April with hundreds of orange  
flowers; *B. Vulgaris*, and many others. *B. Wallicbiana* and  
*Thunbergii*, as they turn to many shades of red, are even more  
beautiful in the Autumn than in the Spring.

*Magnolia conspicua* should now be a wonder of shining  
white, cup-shaped flowers. The one illustrated is growing in  
a very sheltered garden at Saltwood. In sunshine when the  
flowers are wide open the effect is dazzling, but the sketch  
unfortunately had to be done on a grey cold day when it was  
not looking its best. The grass underneath was sprinkled with  
yellow Jonquils, and close by, Camellia trees were in splendid  
condition, their glossy foliage covered with red and white  
blossoms, but they were a month behind their usual flowering  
time. Even these very fine specimens are not attractive to  
me, they are a little too stiff in form and spotty in effect.  
Much prettier is a mauve Azalea, sweet-scented and very useful  
at this time of year, but looking fragile as if a storm of rain  
would destroy it. *Spiraea Thunbergii* looks well near by, with  
its masses of tiny white flowers in graceful sprays.

This month, which opened with Daffodils, sees them at  
their very best towards the close; only the earliest are over,  
while the latest are in bud and Pheasant-eye Narcissus have  
begun. A sight of them at Kew made me long more than ever  
to plant them by the thousand in their separate varieties. The  
hill by the pond, which earlier in the year seemed all Crocus, is



MAGNOLIA CONSPICUA. JONQUIL.

*GARDEN HOUSE, SALTWOOD, KENT.*





now all Daffodil and Narcissus. Under some of the big trees, April. where the grass grows thin, *Anemone Apennina* is flowering well Spring with Pheasant-eye. Though not so fine as *A. Blanda*, it is certainly Effects worth growing, as it only begins when *Blanda* has been out two months or more and is at last on the wane. In the wilder parts of the garden are the most beautiful effects—wide grass glades wander between great irregular clumps of white Narcissus and in the Queen's Cottage Garden, Emperor Daffodil is a marvel growing tall and strong under the big trees, and showing from a distance as great stretches of yellow between the stems. Round the cottage itself Jonquils flourish in the grass, scenting the air.

A few days later near Harrow I saw yet another effect. The garden lies on the top of a hill with a gorgeous view, and extends into a wood on three sides; Daffodils are everywhere—out in the open, on either side of the sloping lawn, are plantations of rare kinds, and stretching back under the trees the commoner ones. My sketch was made in a dell in the very heart of the wood when the Beeches were just bursting into tender green. The very light effect is given by Duchess of Brabant, last year's fallen leaves with their rich browns making a pretty setting.

Those named in the following list all thrive in this wood, but all common kinds and many of the new lovely ones will do equally well in any average soil under deciduous trees if not planted too near to the roots. A lovely companion for them is *Anemone Robinsonia*, of a soft grey-blue colour.

Tenby	<i>Barri conspicuus</i>
Emperor	Empress
Sir Watkin	Mrs Langtry
Golden Spur	W. J. Berkeley
Katherine Spurrell	Madame de Graaf

Iris, Tulip Most of these are inexpensive, running from 4s. to 15s. a hundred.  
and The last three are considerably dearer, and Madame de Graaf,  
Primula though cheap compared to what it was a few years ago, is still  
2s. 9d. each bulb.

Two or three little plants must be mentioned among the April treasures as givers of most delicate colour effect.—*Iris tuberosa*, the green and black velvety one, which it is such a pleasure to find wild on the Italian Riviera, and *Tulipa clusiana* (the Lady Tulip), white with a purple eye and a rose streak up the outside of each narrow petal. They always flower together with us, and both prefer a sheltered corner. *Dentaria pinnata*, with heads of almost a dozen cruciform flowers and bright green palmate leaves, I have longed to establish here since seeing it grow on Monte Generoso. The outskirts of the woods were white with it, and it had spread to the grass slopes near by, mixing with the Pheasant-eye Narcissus and the big blue Gentian. It can be grown from seed and increased by division, and likes a light soil and a moist place.

Some of the many lovely Primulas should be established in shady places. *P. Denticulata*, with a round, blue-lilac head, and *P. Cashmeriana*, rather deeper in colour and stronger in growth, like a rich moist soil, and are delightful when they have formed large tufts. *P. Sieboldi* is another most useful sort and quite hardy. It varies in colour a good deal, and wants a well-drained position and plenty of leaf mould. If Cowslips are not indigenous they should be started in the fields, so that their sweet-scented flowers can be enjoyed when Primroses are over. With small trouble, and in about a year's time, an effect could be obtained such as Coventry Patmore so vividly describes :—



DAFFODILS.

*THE HOLT, HARROW, WEALD.*



" Meadows of fervid green,  
With sometime sudden prospect of untold  
Cowslips, like chance-found gold ;  
And broadcast buttercups at joyful gaze  
Rending the air with praise."

April

# MAY

" . . . Green flame the hedgerows.

Pageants of colour and fragrance  
Pass the sweet meadows, and viewless  
Walks the mild spirit of May,  
Visibly blessing the world."

—*Henley.*

"And earth unto her leaflet tips  
Tingles with the spring."

—*William Watson.*

Late Tulips and their uses

**M**AY is above all things the month of Tulips. Many of the early-bedding kinds flower in April, but they are still in beauty the first week of May, and then open the much more lovely late-flowering varieties—Cottage, Darwin, Bybloemens, Bizarres, Roses, etc. These have many great advantages over the early ones—graceful foliage and long stalks holding their big cups two feet or more from the ground. They can be treated as perennials and left alone for several years, or they can be used as bedders, above all in formal Dutch gardens, and be lifted and dried when they have done flowering. In borders they should be planted deep enough to allow of annuals or low-growing permanent plants being put in above them, and they are often invaluable for strengthening the colour one wishes to predominate in a particular spot. The group of flowering shrubs—*Solanum crispum* and *Cytisus*—in the sketch made at Tregothnan was completed in an attractive way by the clump of yellow Tulips. Wonderful colour effects



CYTISUS. SOLANUM. TULIP.

*TREGOTHNAN, CORNWALL.*





can be arranged with them, tones which harmonise or vivid May. contrasts. There is a large colour key to be played on—pink- Colour of mauves to rich brown and red purples, and almost black: lilacs Tulips which are called blue, they have so much more blue than red in them: white, palest lemon to clear bright yellow and orange: soft rose-pinks or full deep reds, magenta, crimson, salmon, and flaming orange-vermilion: and then beside all these self-coloured ones are all the marvellous combinations in a single flower. What can be more remarkable than Zomerschoon yellow splashed with salmon-red, or more vivid than *Greigei*, or more lovely than Rose Pompon, semi-double lemon shaded to pink at the tips of the petals? The names to be mentioned with honour are almost endless, and a sight of the bunches exhibited at the May Horticultural Show fills the gardener with envy. I am told that most of these many and lovely varieties were originally started in Holland, sold by the raiser to English growers and kept as much as possible out of the hands of the neighbouring Dutch gardeners for mercantile reasons; certainly many kinds exhibited here are not to be found in the best Dutch catalogues, an extra reason for supporting the home industry and buying in England or Ireland.

It is often said that May, when Spring is over and Summer not yet fully come, is rather a poor month for flowers, but a few shillings expended on these late Tulips will fill the garden with beauty. Although new sorts are expensive, some indeed almost prohibitive in price owing to the stock being still so small, many old ones are extraordinarily cheap and can be got from 2s. to 10s. or 12s. a hundred.

To ensure yellow in the garden when the Daffodils have faded, plant—

## Varieties of May Tulips

Bouton d'Or—a round, clear yellow flower shown up by black stamens, but not very large.

Golden Eagle—slightly fragrant, with pointed petals.

Golden Crown—pointed in form, opens yellow—petals then take a red edge, gradually becoming suffused with a brown-orange.

We have a long border of these Tulips with clumps of yellow Wallflowers between and purple Pansies below; only a light railing divides it from a field, and when that is full of Buttercups the effect is most beautiful. Other good varieties are:—

Parisian Yellow.

*Retroflexa*—with curved back petals looking more like a Lily than a Tulip.

Yellow Rose—double and very full rich colour. Magnificent if only its stalk were firmer; but it needs a carpet of some low-growing plant to lay its head on.

*Flava*.

*Vitellina*—pale lemon.

*Gesneriana lutea*.

Mrs Moon.

These last four are comparatively expensive.

For pinks grow—

Shandon Bells — (syn. Isabella) Lemon yellow splashed with rose colour, getting rosier with age; it is quite lovely but shorter and stiffer in growth than many of the others.

Picotee—palest lemon with pointed petals, turned back tips and a scarlet edge which gradually suffuses the whole flower.



MAY TULIPS.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



Rose Pompon—semi-double, primrose and pink in May.	
flushes. Very tall and large flower.	Tulip
<i>Gesneriana rosea</i> , with a deep blue base.	Effects
Rosalind, with a white base.	
Sweet Nancy	} both white with a pink edge.
<i>Virginalis</i>	

For dearer ones—

Zomerschoon.

May queen.

Mabel.

Loveliness, etc.

When after some years the yellow Tulips had to be taken up and divided, the same border was planted with Picotee, Shandon Bells and Rose Pompon, but, lovely as these were, the whole effect was not so good as before. The sea of Buttercups behind had to be taken into account, and we have gone back to the simple yellow arrangement, and are trying the pinks on either side of a straight grass walk leading to the wood through a youthful avenue of *Pryus Malus floribunda* and *P. M. spectabilis*. These are two of the loveliest of pink blossoming trees and quite unlike each other. The first makes a shower of pink and white, the tips of the boughs soft red with buds; the second is upright in growth with much larger semi-double pale pink flowers. The Tulips are planted in large clumps but the trouble is that the grass has to be cleared right away as they would never pierce it, and though they look very gay, just topping the waving grass, the delightfully wild effect of the Daffodils can never be attained.

For reds we have an old-fashioned Tulip splashed with orange which makes a long border under the shade of the Elms,

Tulip gorgeous for a week or two, especially when they last till the Effects and purple Flags are out. Other good sorts are:—

Colour

*Gesneriana major* or *spatulata*—the largest of all the Tulips, with dazzling scarlet petals and a deep blue base. Massed together they are magnificent and are well worth growing in quantities.

*Elegans*—scarlet pointed petals and reflexed.

*Elegans alba*, similar in form but white with narrow carmine edge, most exquisite.

*Gesneriana aurantiaca maculata*, red-orange with a dark brown base.

Lion d'Orange.

La Merveille, orange and red.

Two useful white Tulips are:—

Dame Blanche.

La Candeur, double.

For mauve and purple, grow Blue Flag and the many toned Darwin Tulips. All sorts of queer soft shades of mauve and lilac and purple not seen in other flowers are to be found in these besides the exquisite pinks and cherry-reds of such kinds as Margaret, Clara Butt, and Salmon King. We have a pretty border of Darwins with a Pansy called Coquette de Poissy which makes a beautiful carpet for them, being of the same odd pink-mauve as the Tulips.

Then there are still to be mentioned the Parrot Tulips with strange torn petals and most brilliant colouring, but inclined to weak stalks and drooping heads: the Bizarres, various shades of red with yellow and orange flakes; the Bybloemens, white with flakings of lilac and purple; the Roses with flakings of rose and red on a white ground, and such little treasures as *T. Sylvestris*,



MAY TULIPS.

HONE FARM, SANDLING.







BLUEBELL AND PHEASANT-EYE NARCISSUS.

*EASENEY, HERTFORDSHIRE.*



with its pendant yellow head ; which really will grow in grass, May.  
and *T. Clusiana*, white with a bar of pink on the outer side of each petal and a purple centre, small but very lovely. In good rich loam, Tulips are very quickly increased from their off-sets. They should be taken up when the foliage dies down, dried and stored in a cool place till the Autumn, when the young bulbs can be planted in a nursery bed for one season.

Bluebells, though essentially one of nature's most lovely effects, must not be forgotten in the wild garden, and if they do not grow naturally can easily be introduced. The sketch was done from a Hertfordshire garden. Close round the house were several acres of wood, blue with the wild Hyacinths, and to these have been added thousands of Pheasant-eye Narcissus. The two rising from the red-brown bracken and dead leaves form a picture which once seen can never be forgotten—more lovely even than Bluebells and low-spreading boughs of Beech just burst into tender green, or, as I have seen them in Cornwall, surrounding groups of orange and flame-coloured Azaleas. When Bluebells and Narcissus are over, the Bracken springs up and covers the dead flowers.

*Anemone Coronaria* and its varieties—the Caen single and double, and the St Brigid very double—are still gay with us, although they have flowered most of the Spring. They are useful for borders and edgings, and we have found them very successful round some of the Rose beds, as they enjoy the rich soil when well drained, but they have also done exceedingly well along the Tulip border on the edge of the field where the soil is light and the chalk close below. We leave some in altogether, and in this way secure a good number of flowers in the Autumn, but a safer plan is to lift them after they have

Anemones done flowering, dry them in a shady place, and put them away and Peonies in sand till the following October or November, when they should be planted about 3 inches below the surface. They grow easily from seed sown in June, and if given shade and moisture the first three weeks, and then sun and continued moisture, they will be large enough to prick out in October, and will flower the following Spring. In a few cold soils they do not stand the Winter, but are generally quite hardy. The effect of all the mixed colours, white, pink, scarlet, violet, etc., is very bright and pretty; but it is a good plan to mark distinct colours, so that when replanting in the Autumn they can be arranged in groups of self colours or in suitable shades. *Anemone fulgens* is a useful variety—the brilliant vermilion stars, with narrow petals and deep purple stamens, give the impression that it must be a real sun-loving plant, but it prefers a shady situation and a rich, moist soil. *Anemone Aldboro* is another good sort, magnificent crimson with a white ring to the purple centre, and there is a lovely pink one of the same starry form.

Quite the showiest of all plants for the wild garden just now are the Moutan Peonies—they are so beautiful and so gorgeous in colour that one can hardly believe that they will grow in rough half-shady places. Indeed with us they have done better, and last much longer in flower in such places, than in a border which was chosen as a particularly suitable spot. My sketch was done from one of the new, intensely double varieties. Even this one plant is a remarkable feature in the garden, its flaming pink is so brilliant, rising above the feathery grass, and catching the eye from a distance. Close by we have made a plantation of the old-fashioned double soft pink kind *Pæonia officinalis*, clearing the grass, and encouraging instead



**TREE PEONY.**

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



Forget-me-not and Stitchwort. The latter is a most useful May. wild covering plant as it makes a spreading mass of delicate green without too many roots, and is lovely when spangled with its white flowers. *Pæonia officinalis* flowers before the Tree Peonies are over, and looks so much at home that we hope to establish a regular Peony garden near by, and grow many of the new Hybrids and varieties imported from China and Japan. The flowering period could thus be extended to quite the end of June.

The Moutans can be had double or single, pure white, and from flesh-colour through a wonderful range of salmon-pink to intense tawny reds, or in shades of purplish pink which are beautiful if grown right away from the others. The singles are lovely, but disappointing because the petals drop at once in bad weather. They like a lot of manure, and resent being moved. When planting, a hole should be dug, 2 feet or more in depth, and manure put in at the bottom, and they are grateful for a good mulching in Summer when they have done flowering, and for many doses of liquid manure.

About the same time as the Tulips many low-growing plants are out, suitable for forming carpets or edgings, and for growing over the Tulips themselves. One of the commonest is *Aubrietia*, too common to be grown some gardeners think, but it gives an effect quite unlike any other plant with its soft creeping cushions of mauve; given a suitable spot, it will spread itself very quickly. In a mill garden near Ware it has taken possession in this way, tumbling in cascades down the walls which confine the rushing stream, and trailing over all the beds in the garden. This old variety is called *A. purpurea*, but there are many new sorts with larger blossoms and deeper



Aubrietia colouring, such as the purple *Eyrei* and *Campbelli*, which are and other well worth growing. Some which are highly recommended are quite pink, *Leichtlini*, for instance, and should not be mixed with the mauves. They can be grown from seed, or cuttings taken in April and May, or the rambling trailers can be laid in and covered with sandy soil. The young plants thus formed should be removed in the Autumn.

Carpet  
Plants

Yellow Alyssum (*Saxatile*) blends well with the Aubrietias liking much the same sort of position, and plenty of sun. It will spread over a dry bank, or grow in a wall, making soft tufts of yellow beloved by the bees. It can be increased in the same way as the Aubrietias. The common *Arabis albida* must be included, and the newer double form, which is invaluable for cutting and for giving a real sheet of white. When it has done flowering every shoot can be struck as a cutting and will be a large plant by the following Spring. All these look well together if planted in sufficient quantity—the white, yellow, and mauve being in distinct patches, or there are many plants they group well with—Alyssum making a fine carpet near purple Iris, or *Arabis flore pleno* with pink Tulips.

The Candytufts are another useful race of white ground-work plants; *Iberis corifolia*, only 3 or 4 inches high, and *Correæfolia*, about a foot high, forming an evergreen tufted carpet, covered the end of May with white flowers. *Sempervirens* the commonest of all, an evergreen perennial, will grow anywhere, and is particularly useful as an edging or bedding for shrubs. *Semperflorens*, a sweet-scented evergreen shrub about 2 ft. high, is rather delicate, and needs a warm sunny place if it is to justify its name.

If one is lucky enough to be able to grow *Litbospermum*

*prostratum* a glorious patch of gentian blue can be enjoyed May. through this month. It wants a warm dry soil and some rock Carpet to creep over. With *Arenaria montana grandiflora*—a Plants and pretty white flower like a glorified Stitchwort—it makes a Honesty charming picture. I have seen them growing together on a rough stone wall, the *Litbospermum* making trailing cushions of blue, several feet long. In a cool damp place *Primula japonica* will give a splash of brilliant crimson, but handsome as it undoubtedly is, the colour is too near magenta to be always pleasing. At Burncoose, near Truro, it was certainly magnificent in effect, growing very strongly in large quantities, with Bamboos all about it. There it seeds freely, but in soils where it will not multiply itself the seed should be picked and sown in a seed-pan directly it is ripe, and kept in a cold frame. Seed of the white variety can be obtained separately and is much more attractive.

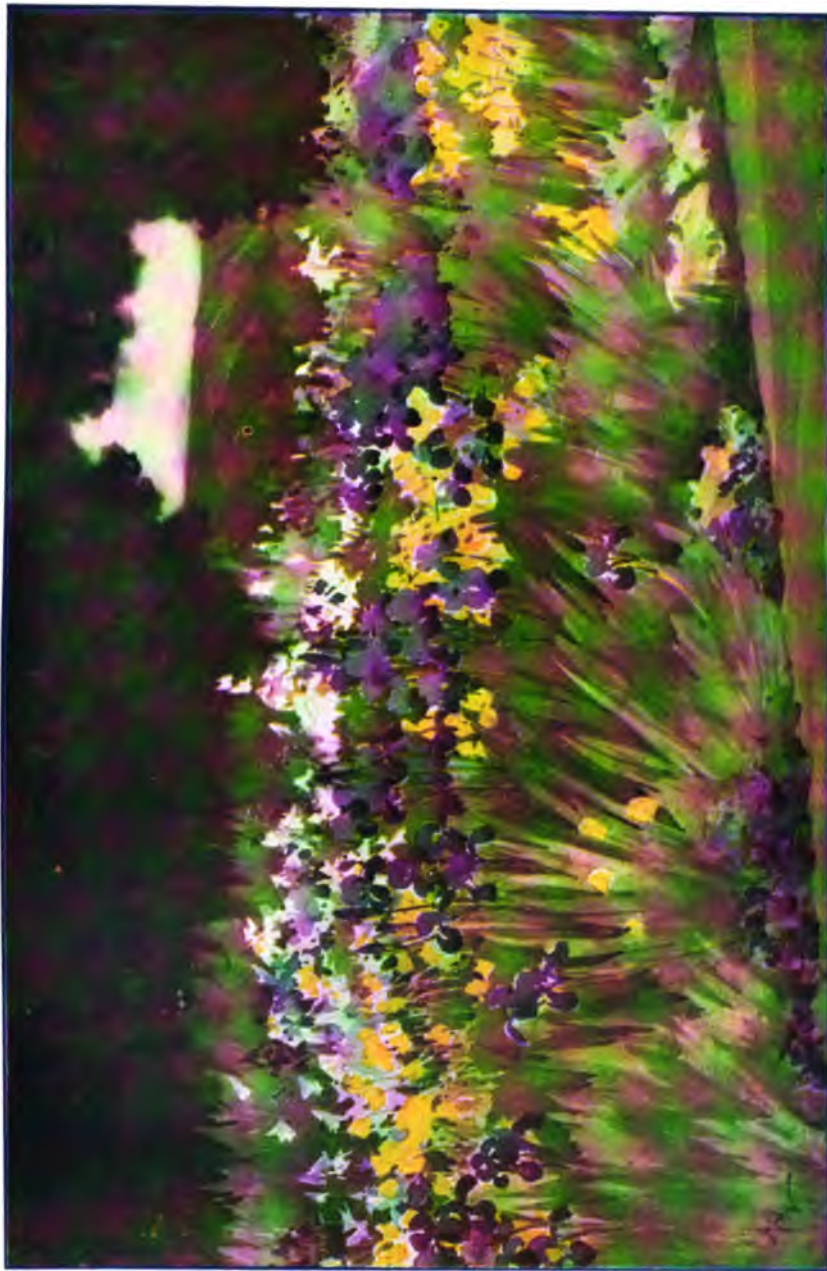
In a shady corner London Pride looks delightful against tufts of green and white striped grass.

*Omphalodes verna* is a good plant too for establishing on the edges of woods, with pretty bright green foliage and flowers like a Forget-me-not. For a patch of glistening white nothing can beat *Trillium grandiflorum*; its three-petalled flowers with the three encircling leaves below are quite beautiful, but it will not grow everywhere and likes a shady damp spot and peat soil. The name—Wood Lily—suggests the uses that might be made of it.

A great feature in our wood just now is the Honesty—*Lunaria biennis*—the rich violet and white flowers being especially fine from a little distance. It seeds profusely and widely, establishing itself as if it were really a wild thing of the

Iris and wood. It is important to remember to plant out seedlings two years running when first introducing it to a spot, as it is one of those troublesome biennials which take fully two years to flower.

Towards the end of the month come the German Irises and the Columbines—the common purple Flag is with us the earliest of them all by a week or two, and therefore never to be cast out of the garden for newer or finer sorts. The border illustrated is so filled with Elm roots that it will grow hardly any perennial decently, but the Flag seems to be perfectly content and flowers profusely. Welsh Poppies and Columbines grow rampantly with it, seeding themselves almost too much, and tufted Pansies struggle in the foreground but really want a better soil. The Columbines are mostly a cross between the wild dark sorts and the pure white one, and though the flowers are small compared to the Alpine varieties, they have long stiff stalks holding their heads well above the Flags and give a pretty light look to the bed. We are also trying to establish them in rough grass, hoping to get an effect like a Swiss hay-field enamelled with flowers. They are admirably suited to naturalising in woods or shrubberies where it is not too shady. The pure white one, *Aquilegia Vulgaris alba*, a most beautiful variety, is good for picking, looks lovely in large clumps by itself, and comes true from seed. The Alpine varieties are larger in the flower, shorter in the growth, and much less hardy, having a sad way of disappearing altogether. Good drainage is important, and the rockery perhaps the best place for them. They are so lovely it is well worth an effort to grow them well, especially the blue ones, *Alpina* and *Cærulea*. *Aquilegia Chrysantha*, yellow, and *Californica Hybrida*, orange red, are very useful border varieties, growing about four feet high and flowering a long time. A stock of any



PURPLE IRIS. WELSH POPPY. COLUMBINE.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



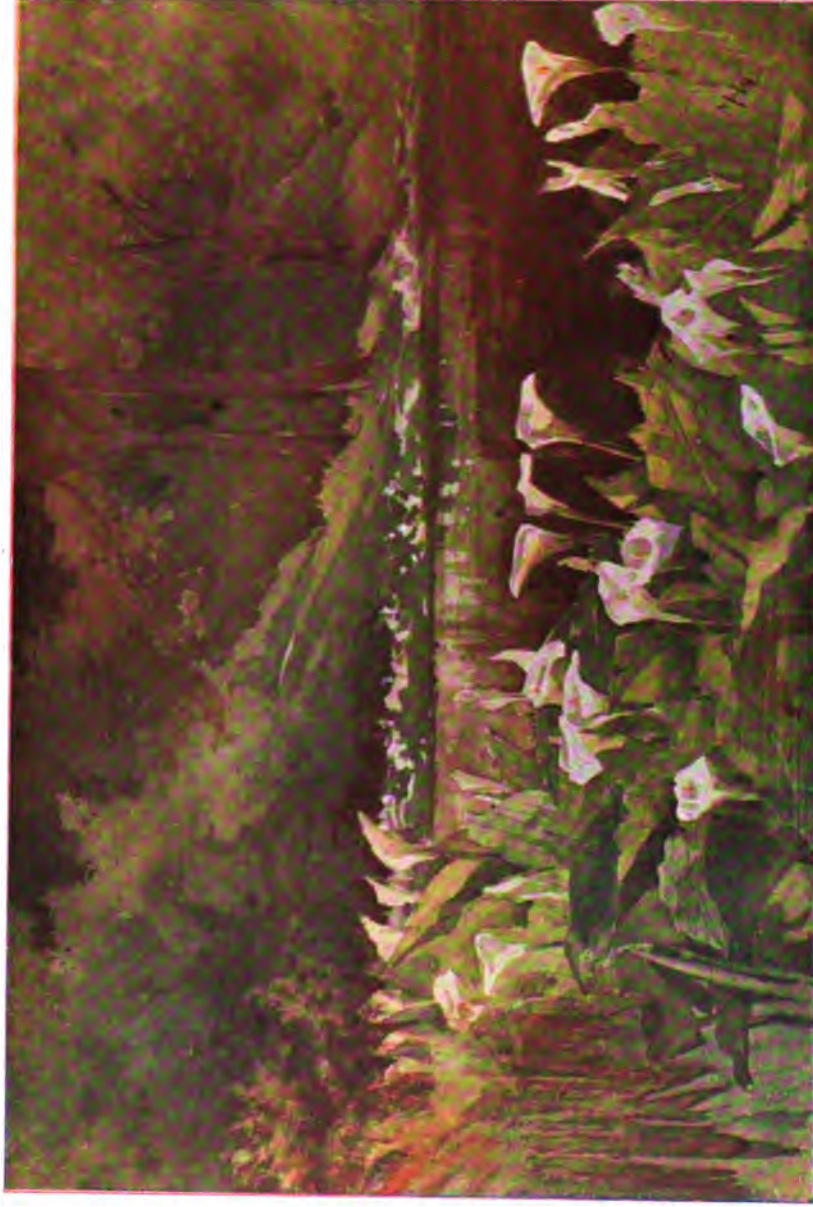
of these varieties can easily be raised from seed—it should be May.  
sown in a pan and kept in a shady place till the seedlings are Some  
big enough to prick out. Climbing  
Plants

As the border of common Flag begins to lose its beauty two other early kinds come out in the walled garden, a white and a deep violet purple, and by accident Darwin Tulips in queer mauve shades and Coquette de Poissy Pansy are growing close by, making a pleasant harmony of colour. *Doronicum plantaginifolium* is an extremely useful and gay herbaceous plant; it will grow almost anywhere and can be counted on to give an effect of brilliant yellow for several weeks. Its tall daisy-like flowers and bright green leaves make a pleasant contrast to the Tulips which flower with it. It can be increased to any amount by division, and thrives best in a moist but sunny situation.

Some of the most luxuriant creepers are now beginning to wreath unsightly places with beauty. *Eccromocarpus scaber* and *Ceanothus Veitchii* are out on the east side of the house, the orange and soft real blue looking delicious together; the former is a most useful half-hardy evergreen climber easily raised from seed; with us it does well through any ordinary Winter, growing 30 feet up the house and seeding itself. There is now a pink form which is very pretty. *Clematis Montana* grows here in the most rampant fashion, garlanding itself with white from the ground to the roof of the house, and doing equally well on a south exposure or a north one. It is beautiful if grown so that it may fall in a shower of white down a Yew hedge, or trained up one side of a wall and allowed to form a cascade down the other; it will work its way up through the shade even of evergreens, and when it reaches the light will clothe some bare tree

Arums in with blossom, giving the impression at a first glance of some  
Cornwall wonderful new flower. Wistaria succeeds the Clematis with its  
hanging lilac trusses, and the Japanese Guelder Rose (*Viburnum  
plicatum*) looks very well trained up a wall. It is quite hardy  
and makes also a graceful shrub, the boughs laden with white  
blooms.

The accompanying sketch of Arums was painted near  
Truro in the middle of the month. Even then the lake with  
its fringe of white Lilies—only separated from a tidal river by a  
bank a few feet across—was a wonderful sight; later in the  
month the effect must have been even finer. The strong growth  
of the plants, their fine healthy foliage, and the multitude of  
buds and flowers show how absolutely the position suits them.  
They grow in the shallow water—about two feet deep—round  
the edge of the lake, and in Winter if there should be severe  
frost, which is very unusual in that part of Cornwall, their roots  
are protected by the water above them. That their feet should  
be absolutely in the water in this way is not necessary, but it  
makes the growth more luxuriant. They may often be seen in  
cottage gardens looking strangely foreign to the eye only accus-  
tomed to see Arums in a greenhouse.



ARUM LILIES.

*TRELISSICK, CORNWALL.*





# GARDENS IN SUMMER



## IN THE WRITER'S GARDEN, 1904

"I AM coming to see how you have arranged your Summer Summer borders." So wrote a friend in June. I answered, Colour

"Come. But there has been no arrangement for Summer, nor there never is!" Since, I have thought, what did we both mean? Arrangement of a kind there has to be surely, to begin with. Yet in this garden, I scarcely think such necessary arrangements of plants as there must always be to keep up a succession, Spring, Summer and Autumn, is precisely the system supposed by my friend.

Is it not rather tiring this idea of the planning of garden effects, and so long before the time? How many sorts of things tire one! So many books one reads: so many people one sees! So often also long descriptions of well arranged colours in a garden, where all the colours come just right. I am afraid the colours here come very often wrong. That does not pain me much—I merely feel "the flowers chose to do it, it is no fault of mine." And if they are happy, what matter though pink does at times mass unkindly against magenta, or if two different lilacs clash, or even if scarlet and crimson come together? Dear flowers! we know they can never look really wrong, or like a mistake, as so often bad contrasts in women's gear. We only say to ourselves or the gardener when flower colours come very much amiss, "It is unfortunate!" That is all. Crimson and scarlet by choice would hardly mass together. Therefore there was sorrow when a grand glow of scarlet oriental Poppy began

Crimson to flame round the dazzling crimson of Carmine Pillar, most and Blue brilliant of red Roses. But when I began to speak this thought, Flowers and to say besides that of course another season the Poppies would have to be moved away somewhere else, the remark of a visitor in the garden opened my eyes as with the force of revelation. "Is there not," he said, "a certain barbaric pomp about so strange a contrast?" The hint was enough. When I looked again, what Indian visions steeped in glory, visions of Delhi and last year's Durbar floated through the fiery brilliance of those border flowers. I think the Poppies will *not* be moved. That very day their great silken petals began to fall, and wind and weather scattered them away. In their place unfolds a yet more enchanting "arrangement." Carmine spoil of Roses is rained down upon the azure of *Anchusa Italica*. Not the deep splendour of ultramarine, but that tenderer, sympathetic blue, which more abounds in gardens best loved of *Anchusa*, and where she flourishes the most willingly. Day by day clouds of bright azure blue spread themselves abroad, and, stealing upwards through the lowest branches of a *Ptelia Kubli* growing near, lay glimmering softly within the green, full half-way to the *Ptelia's* top. Beside this blue, between tall ribbon leaves, shone the flowers of milk-white bloom, of a great bed of *Iris ochroleuca*, and, beyond, a dark tree of *Prunus pisardi* dressed in Summer brown made an ideal background.

At right angles with the flower-border which has been thus delighting us, opens out a straight gravel path running east and west, radiant in June with the colours and fragrant with the rich bloom, of some choice perfumed Peonies. On each side glow great round heads of deepest crimson, or rose-pink; or of white lit up all gloriously within, by a golden glow. The great

flowers tumble about in clusters; or sway forward amid their Summer. leaves on bending stalks too weak by far to upbear their weight. Peony and —There is one, clad in murrey colour or maroon, that for some Buddleia reason unknown, is longest lived of all these fine Peonies, (our grandmothers used to say—*Piony*, and in “Hill’s Eden” it is also “Piony,”) brief as is the life-summer of them all. The old-fashioned red, scentless Peony, once common in cottage gardens, makes a grand show disposed in distant patches on the grass. The flower of it lasts shorter even than the finer kinds. Without any warning, in the fulness of its most fulgent red, down it comes in a shower poured out on the grass beneath, and there’s an end. The others are different. Their fainting flowers linger long, loth to take leave for ever of dear happy Summer.

The single pink Peony, yellow stamined, with blue-green leaves, is not, I think, very often seen. It is almost like a large single cabbage Rose, if such a thing could be imagined. One old plant of it struggles on in a shrubbery near where Peony walk begins. There also, stiffly will hang up till about the end of June, a thousand little fairy balls of *Buddleia globosa*. Among the colours of Summer, orange is not so commonly seen as blue or red or pink. The Buddleia is not quite hardy, in Buckinghamshire at least; and we cover it up with matting in winter. Soon it will grow too large to be treated thus. Nothing is more desired by a gardener than that his trees should grow. Yet what more tiresome than the gradual, undesired, too generous growth of a young tree if planted where there is neither room for it, nor an increase of picturesqueness gained by its enlargement. . . .

## II

### A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

The Walled I OPENED the gate and went in. The garden was like no other  
Garden garden of my knowledge, it seemed to surpass, in its wonderful indefinableness, other gardens of pleasure that I knew. It was well kept; in perfect order. Few and far between were its wandering weeds; and yet it was a wilderness. The season of the year was mid-July, the hour, seven A.M.: the space of ground, an oblong square enwalled. Four gates and one, gave entrance to it. The gates were all of wrought iron, of English make, and old. The walls red brick coloured with the greys and golds of age, crested with Wall-flowers, seed-laden, and with light waving grasses and all kinds of bird-sown vegetation.

The fifth gate, small and narrow and most delicately wrought, is Empire Gate; so named, for like the links of our Great Empire, it is "strong as steel yet light as gossamer!"

Not here I entered, but by the tall eastern gate that opens upon lawns and dark Yew hedges and "herbaceous borders" at this season filled with Delphinium rising above pink clusters of Polyantha Rose, in rich abundance. One tires of all the garden-talk of "herbaceous borders." Some are too apt to talk for ever of herbaceous this and that. To a young lady visiting my garden and rejoicing in recent possession of one of her own, and voluble of garden terms, I once cried in despair "I don't know what herbaceous is!" Her instant reply, "Oh, it means come up again." Perhaps the definition is as good as many a more studied one.

The morning sun shone through and through each crimson



MADONNA LILY. DELPHINIUM.





Rose, each white Sweet-pea "on tiptoe for a flight," and Summer. illumined every flower till for the moment it would seem that Fascination you saw jewels of silver and gold sparkling with emeralds and of Gardens rubies.

The secret of this small garden's fascination lay, it may be, in its mystery. Small though it be, from no one point could the whole, or even half of it be seen at one time. Between the many narrow intersecting paths, flowers of various kinds had grown into clumps of such grand luxuriance as to hide all others beyond, save where perchance some blue Delphinium, exquisitely pale, aspired above the rest; or if one caught sight of hanging gardens of sweet Roses: or in some opening, a gate-head of fretted iron empurpled with large-flowered Clematis. Here the green turf lay between an orange and scarlet glow made by rampant Alstroemeria and scarlet Lychnis,—or Summer lightning as children call old Parkinson's favourite "flower of Bristol and Constantinople"—with many a little upright pillar of *lilac Linaria* intermixed. There, fragrant Lilies stand together like white angels in a dream, calling silently across the Roses. . . .

These Lilies! they stood at the meeting of four green grassy ways. Divinely tall, for the season favoured them, the faces of them each met mine: and they shone as though fresh from Elysian meadows, shining like the face of Moses shone when he came down from the mountain. In the memory of such pure radiant presence, how can one sit down to write dull prose?

All plants love an open corner: they do the best that is in them when so placed. Within the cloistered angle of an old Apple espalier, grew in this garden a white Moss Rose. The spread of its branches made shelter for a wondrous Japan Iris

The Care of beneath. Strong and full of vigorous life although no stream  
Plants or watershed was near, up from the crowded root sprang tall stalks crowned with the splendid flower, or with blue-green buds. Unafraid, the Japan Iris looks straight up into the sun how hot soever he may shine, with petals flat and expanded wide to receive and rejoice in each burning glance. The colour of this Iris was a strange weird blue, deepening a little into violet, with three central spots of golden yellow. The earth at the roots was damp as though after a last evening's watering. And round about a few large stones were laid, for coolness and to retain the water. Some careful hand had done this! and moreover I saw no withered flower or brown unsightly leaf defacing the white Moss Rose bush above. Well I knew whose guardian hands had been at work.

Early and late the Lady of Flowers is there, weeding and watering and laying the cool stones wherever most needed, or snipping off the withered leaves.

"If the flowers had been her own children, she  
Could never have nursed them more tenderly."

I never saw her face; although since that July morning I have again and again revisited the Beautiful Garden and marked how she had comforted the flowers: choosing times and seasons when she might be alone with them, to enjoy to the full their delightful society. Plainly enough, Iris and Honeysuckle are her favourites, best loved of all the others. With these in most gardens failures have been not unknown. So is it here also. Thus in the broad band of Spanish Iris, the purple and the blue had all prematurely gone. They seem to have altogether failed. Only a few blooms of yellow yet remained; and for

the most part, the poor lank leaves of them fell about along Summer.  
the earth as yellow as the flowers. Full sad no doubt was the Colour and  
Lady of Flowers to see them in so sad a plight; yet she wisely Contrast  
trusted the gardener with the whole matter as one too large for  
her small knowledge. It was for this reason I saw no nursing  
stones of comfort amongst the Spanish Iris. "King of the  
blues" is the very best blue Spaniard; and along the edges of  
a stone-flagged path, several of this kind still lingered on,  
braving the July sun-heat. Colour, along that stony edge,  
seemed well arranged, although I believe chance rather than  
forethought brought the various hues together. The primrose  
yellow of *Platystemon Californicus* contrasted with an azure  
exhalation—if it so might be described—a *Salvia* of deeper tone,  
and spikes of feathery lightness. I believe there is a country  
where this *Salvia* grows wild in the fields. A small plant of  
*Inula* crowded with orange Daisies, mixed in a tangle of seedling  
Indian pink and *Pblox Drummondii*, and crimson Roses and  
honey-scented *Alyssum*; the parti-coloured *Colinsia* too. Rich  
purple *Kæmpferi* Iris leaned against radiant bunches of pink  
*Polyantha* Rose, and out of the midst in its pride arose one  
single great, pure white, English Iris. Almost I quoted as I  
passed, from some old poet:—"I know your spirit to be  
tall!" Underneath among the Iris leaves might be discerned  
a large rough stone. The Lady of Flowers then had been busy  
there! Whose hand but hers would have laid those tell-tale  
stones? And soon I found more stones at the feet of her other  
Love, a Honeysuckle. A strange, rare Honeysuckle, climbing  
the western side of the garden wall. The leaves are distinctly  
blue, and therefore it is named the blue Honeysuckle or  
*Lonicera Douglesi*. This poor plant seemed to need all the

Honey-care that had been given. It grew uncomfortably, the upper suckle parts smothered in "fly." Black fly, which one likes worse than green fly. Apparently she could not reach up to cut them off. But nearer to the ground the branches were neatly trimmed, and they bore one or two large well perfumed blooms, proving how fine a thing with fair chance this Honeysuckle might be. In the north of Scotland only, is it known to flourish; there one sees cold granite walls conspicuously covered with the abundant pale, doubly fragrant, flowers. No Honeysuckle, so far as I know, thrives perfectly in these more southern counties. The abounding strength and beautiful vigour of them in the north, seems wanting here. And where in England are Honeysuckle hedges common? I have seen many north of the Tweed, luxuriant, white-flowered hedges which the Lady of Flowers would sigh vainly to possess. Yet even hereabouts there are places deep in the country, where almost every tree is festooned, and the roadside hedges stream with Honeysuckle amid the wild spangle of Dog-Roses. Seldom in our gardens is Honeysuckle seen, luxuriantly, comfortably at home. If grown against a wall, it must be alone, for it dislikes companions. It consents to climb, solely to reach the top and there be free to set up a wild riot of perfumed loveliness. With the support of some light railing a thick hedge of Honeysuckle may soon be made for the delight of all who pass. In Scotland, cottagers plant Honeysuckle on the garden side of their rude stone fence; there it increases rapidly, overflowing right on to the public road in magnificent profusion of bloom. Once I knew a humble little roadside homestead near the shores of the North Sea, the tumble-down old garden dyke before the door, beauteous with a mass of Honeysuckle, crimson-budded, while a million little

honey-coloured horns uplifted, bearing their viewless burden of Summer. rich scent, made each one, to the wandering bee, a very horn of Garden plenty. In the secret soul of me as I went past that dyke came Pictures a great desire to break off and plunder. But the thought arose of how many daily passed,—school children, men and women to and from the town, cattle driven past to pasture,—and yet none meddled, for not one broken stalk was seen, nor wasted bloom. . . . With a silent act of thankfulness for having beheld such loveliness and breathed such sweetness, I guiltless went my way.

On the south and eastern aspect the walls were, as is sometimes said, “a picture.” There, grew alternate Nectarine and Peach trees. Between their narrow leaves lay hid at that season hard green spheres of polished fruit. Later, the ripening peaches, rounded full with the promise of Summer, will harmonise with the old brick walls, in soft cadences of rose and amber. Here and there a Blue Gloria enlaced the formal, pleached branches, with great, wide flowers, with their evanescent glow of stainless blue. The Gloria refuses to unroll the silken splendours of her azure robe unless the sun in heaven shines fair. In our short-lived Summer days “too often is his gold complexion dimmed,” and thus too often will this fairest flower of the Beautiful Garden begin to wrinkle and take leave of life, before the bell in the turret clock tells noon. Yet in their own land they do not last even so long.

To the hidden self in the Lady of Flowers when Gloria was dead, came a voice from the gardens of the east. A far-off voice that said—“I saw you in your garden with a background of your Elms in their May glory, not quite green and not quite brown, but just as if some fairy had touched the brown

An Indian branches with a shimmer of gold and green. Do you remember?

Garden . . . And then in June, when you picked me a blue convolvulus-shaped flower; what is it called? They hardly last an hour. Yesterday I sat facing a wall covered with them. It was in the garden at Jeypur; built and planted for the mother of one of the Maharajahs. In front of me was a broad terrace ending in a marble balustrade covered with a creeper with delicate pink flowers like small flutes, from the Philippine Islands. Beyond, a long vista of tropical foliage with here and there a fine tree like an English Elm, and covered thickly with a kind of *Stephanotis* flower. In the far distance a triple archway entrance of purest white, built in the exquisite Mahomedan shape of a hundred years ago. The foreground is all *Bougainvillea* and *Hybiscus* illuminated by the late afternoon sun. On the left stood a white marble fountain with graceful little wild doves and pigeons drinking, and close by a feathery Palm reaching right away into the air, making a resting-place for dozens of chattering, brilliant green parrots flying round it like emeralds. Just in front was the fernery made of matting, as all ferneries are here, and above on the wall, your blue *Convolvulus*. Never have I seen such a contrast to your own garden! . . ."

What fascination there is in blue!—I do not say in blue *paint*. The various blues of flowers are countless. Yet every one in turn is loveliest. In some strange way, legion though they be, a blue flower is always more or less a surprise. The most sumptuous rain-bow border of a palace garden never could compare with the selvedge of a common field road I saw. The road was rimmed on either side, with a crowd of blue moons of Chicory (or Devil's bit scabious). Colour so cold,

so pure, so spirit-blue, surely came down straight from Summer.  
Paradise!

Blue  
Flowers

Once, very early one grey April morning, I looked up as I passed by a garden limestone rockery, and saw suddenly arise right from the very heart of a large plant of *Libertia formosa*, a bright blue starry flower! Never before had I or any of the gardeners beheld any such flower anywhere in the garden. As if by magic the fairy vision was born, and none could tell its name, nor how it came there. Afterwards, we discovered the name, but not the mystery of its coming. For many days those studded stars of blue lived on, the joy of our eyes. Stiff with vigorous health and animation, the starry spike of flower stood, till in due time it seeded. Then it lost itself for ever, down among the thick, mothering leaves of *Libertia*.

As usual in the Beautiful Garden, it was more by chance than design that a border shone with blue alone, at the south end of it. Here a certain *Salvia* from Teneriffe made great show. Small as is the flower itself, the whole plant covered all over blue, outrivals in its colour even *Salvia patens*, in so great profusion does he carry his innumerable sprays of little intensely brilliant blooms. There, grew also a little pale blue Daisy, yellow-centred; a flower that no one ever could pass without stooping down to look more closely, so subtle is the charm of it. It owns a tiresome name, *Kaulfussia amelloides*. And then close by, another treasure, *Browallia speciosa major*, is another fascinating blue. Foremost among garden unattainables surely are good simple English names!

A group of bronze-leaved and as yet flowerless plants I know for *Lobelia cardinalis*. In their season they will flash out into fiery scarlet. In an angle of the walls, here made



A curious lovely with fig leaves, and where most luscious figs ripen under  
Plant late September suns, a great Palm is planted. It is the kind  
with quivering fan-like leaves, and takes no harm however cold  
the Winter, for the stem is warmly clad, swathed round in its  
own warm vegetable wool. The same south corner shelters  
a robust and rather enticing large leaved shrub, *Clerodendron*  
*fætidum*. The flowers are rosy umbels, strongly scented.  
It is very handsome, although perhaps the scent may seem a  
little too much like its name.

Before the turret clock strikes eight there is just time to  
visit a certain common looking, shrubby plant, half hid among  
the Roses. There is many a more showy plant to be found in  
the Beautiful Garden, but none more curious. Only the initiated  
might show any interest in so unattractive a plant. Yet  
*Physostegia Dracocephalum* was once the object of hot dispute  
and intense curiosity amongst the learned. The habit of the  
*Physostegia*'s little pale pinkish flower to stay fixed and still in  
whatever position it may be turned, was thought to be caused  
by coma. Yet a state of coma had hitherto been unknown,  
unguessed, in the vegetable kingdom. It was deemed impossible,  
and the phenomenon remained unaccounted for: the cause of it  
shrouded in mystery. The plant even received the additional  
name of *Cataleptica*. Unfortunately, some youthful student  
resolved to clear up the matter. He never rested until he had  
discerned some all but invisible hairs, which according to him,  
hold the little flower fast, after it has been turned by the finger  
to the right or left. This is disappointing; yet truth is truth!  
(I have been unable myself to find a vestige of these minute,  
detaining hairs.)

A characteristic of the Beautiful Garden is that here and

there immense clumps of different plants grow up unchecked. Summer. As a rule, within so small a space the beds would be laid out in Secret of low, level plots, and the whole garden would be seen at once, Variety without a break. Here, however, are vistas between orange Alstroemeria and scarlet Lychnis, or lawns two yards square shut in with Roses and Larkspur and double white Campion, and short lengths of espalier, and trees of the brown-leaved *Prunus*; so that one secret of laying out a small garden is unconsciously attained—the secret of variety. For in your limited space, you must vary the lines as much as possible, and if your ground lacks length and breadth, then variation must come in the differing heights. Thus *Cosmos bipinnatus* grows here in the Beautiful Garden, in great thickets four feet high: a maze of delicate green filagree. As July wanes into August Cosmos appears “attired in stars” of pink interchanged with crimson.

. . . There is the sound of a click!—of lifting the latch of a gate; the narrow little gate called Empire. And there is but time for one glance at that choice flower of delight, *Incarvillea Delavayi*, erect in all his pride of stature flushed with rose, as he stands near the little portal. I must make haste away before she enters, for to meet the Lady of Flowers thus early within her sacred garden precinct would be, in her eyes, unforgiveable sacrilege.

E. V. B.

# JUNE

"June takes up the sceptre of May."

"There's a music of bells from the trampling teams,  
Wild skylarks hover, the gorses blaze,  
The rich, ripe rose as with incense steams—  
Midsummer days! midsummer days!  
A soul from the honeysuckle strays,  
And the nightingale as from prophet heights  
Sings to the earth of her million Mays—  
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!"

—*W. E. Henley.*

## Selection and Effect

**A**S the year progresses it becomes increasingly difficult to give suggestions as to what flowers to grow for the best effect; the profusion of them is so great that sacrifice becomes unavoidable. If the aim for the garden is that it should be rich in flower pictures rather than in the number of its plants—and this is a much more feasible ambition for many small gardens—selection is a necessity. Many lovely flowers must be omitted from want of space, or want of time to arrange for them.

Among the wealth of June flowers the Iris, Peony, and Rose stand out pre-eminently, and, roughly speaking, may be said to follow each other in the order given, and to be willing to grow fairly well in any soil.

In some parts Azaleas are the glory of this month, but though so particularly beautiful if grown in peaty or sandy soil with shelter from wind, they are disappointing, and give a sad sense of failure, if these conditions are wanting.

It is in some ways a misfortune that the same soil suits June. Azaleas and Rhododendrons equally well, as the colours clash and diminish each the beauty of the other. Rhododendrons range from white through pink to crimson, and from mauve to purple, and, like the Azaleas, they are disappointing if they cannot be grown at their very best.

On peat or sand, even the common kinds will be wonderfully beautiful, if given plenty of room and planted in shades which blend; too often one sees a mixed bed, the colours of which clash rather than harmonise.

Gardens in Cornwall or Devonshire, or very sheltered ones along the South Coast, are fortunate in being able to grow the Himalayan varieties, which surpass all other shrubs in the transcendent loveliness of their flowers. At Tregothnan, in May, the stretches of Rhododendrons seen against the sloping woods, and the distant curves of the river wending its way to Falmouth, make a wonderful picture. In more sheltered spots are trees of such rare kinds as *R. Falconeri* and *argenteum*, covered with their marvellous flowers. Perhaps the most beautiful of all is *R. Aucklandi*, which bears trusses of about seven immense pure white flowers, five inches across. The sketch of this Rhododendron was done at Killiow, where there is a magnificent plant over twenty feet through.

Azaleas run from white to yellow, orange, pink and flame-colour; the darkest are fine Indian reds; every tone blends, and at the moment their colour beauty seems to surpass that of every other flower.

Here, every scrap of soil would have to be imported for them, while twelve miles away, at Saltwood, all the kinds,

*Azalea* and *Mollis*, Ghent and *Indica*, thrive luxuriantly. Early in June Sweet the *Azalea* garden there is full of delicious combinations of Rocket colour, mauve, with white or yellow near by, and orange *Mollis*, dwarf in growth, with larger flowers more strongly scented than the Ghent varieties. At every turn a new picture comes into view; foremost in remembrance is a pathway garlanded with a *Rêve d'Or* rose, thick with its bronze shoots, which form, together with fine evergreen trees, a beautiful background for the blaze of colour given by the *Azaleas*, their hues of warm yellow and red orange, flesh and full salmon-pink, all culminating in a brilliant flaming red.

In suitable soil these Ghent *Azaleas* will thrive in woods. They take care of themselves among the undergrowth, and soon look as if they were native to the place.

Our only woodland effect just now is given by Sweet Rocket and wild Parsley. It seems a poor effect to mention after *Azaleas*, but in its own humbler way it is very beautiful. The Rocket is perennial and gives no trouble; it grows about three feet high, and bears spikes of white and pale pink flowers, delicately out very sweetly scented in the evening. The old plants maintain a successful struggle against the many weeds, and seed themselves. The double white Rockets are delightful garden plants, but require much more care, and must be divided every second year to keep them strong. They can be increased by cuttings made of the spring shoots, or by division.

In the early part of June the flower which we count on above all others for pleasure is the *Iris*—not that its flowering time is confined to that short space, but some of the showiest varieties are out then, and they are of the greatest value before the *Roses* open. Throughout the Spring and Summer they are



SWEET ROCKET.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



among the most beautiful of garden flowers, graceful in form June. and most varied in colour, running through many shades of Varieties of white, mauve, purple, yellow, bronze and claret. Some are Iris most exquisitely veined and marked, vying in this way with many rare hothouse plants, and in many cases their foliage has the advantage of lasting and looking well for months of the year; even in winter bright fresh green tips are to be seen pushing up.

Iris are generally divided into two classes, the bulbous or Xiphions, and those with fleshy roots or rhizomes. The bulbous, as a rule, like a light rich sandy soil, good drainage and plenty of sun. The rhizomatous section may be divided again into groups of bearded and unbearded Irises. The bearded, in which are included all the varieties of *Iris Germanica*, are generally quite easy to grow, liking a dry sunny position and plenty of good feeding. In some soils they increase so fast that it is necessary to pull them to pieces every second year to prevent overcrowding of the fleshy roots; in other soils they can be left undisturbed some years. It is important that replanting should be done as soon as possible after flowering, and that the rhizomes should not be buried underground.

The beardless class—to which belong our wild English Flag and the Japanese Iris—as a rule love moisture, and the different kinds want more varied treatment; some prosper in loam, others in peat or bog.

As one Iris or another can be had in flower for nine months of the year, it is only possible to suggest a few of the varieties which might be grown. *Iris pumila* succeeds such kinds as *Stylosa*, *Reticulata*, etc.—they are dwarf, but bear large flowers, purple, white, mauve, or yellow, and are out about the



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Succession same time as the Daffodils, the purple looking particularly well of Iris in front of Emperor Narcissus. On soil they like they are excellent for borders; a nursery gardener near here uses them to edge many of the paths; they make a firm band of low green, brilliant when in flower. After the *pumila* group come one after the other, through the Summer, the many forms of *Iris Germanica*, *Sibirica*, Spanish, *Ochroleuca*, *Aurea*, *Monnieri* and *Spuria*, the English, and latest of all the Japanese, in July and August.

*Iris Germanica* is in beauty now. The illustration was taken from borders of them running down each side of our pergola. The purple and white varieties, which were flowering the end of May, are over, and they are succeeded by a few of the numberless kinds worth growing. The whole effect is a lovely mauve—blue it is often called, but blue to me is the colour of Forget-me-not or *Anchusa Italica*, for instance. There are red-mauve and blue-mauve flowers, combined with purple and bronze, an infinite variety of shades. They bloom for some weeks, and are there to greet the early roses like Madame Alfred Carrière and Reine Olga de Wurtemberg. An added charm is the difference in their heights. *Dalmatica* is a foot taller than the others, giving a pleasing irregularity to the outline—it flowers later, too, and looks particularly well grouped at the foot of a *Rêve d'Or* Rose with its loose bunches of yellow Roses.

My favourites are—

*Pallida*—a large self mauve.

*Dalmatica*—another large round flower of most exquisite mauve set well apart on tall stems.

*Conte de St Clair*—white standards, violet and white falls.

*Mrs H. Darwin*—white with a waved edge, veined and



IRIS AND ROSES.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*





IRIS ORIENTALIS. SPIRÆA. DAY LILY.

*R.H.S. GARDEN, WISLEY.*



margined with mauve, nearly as tall as *Dalmatica*, June.  
very free flowerer.

Cordelia	}	All having lavender standards and falls of various shades of purple.	Iris Ger- manica and Sibirica
Louis Van Houtte			
Miss Maggie			
Virginie			

*Flavescens*—cream and yellow.

*Madam Chéreau*—white veined and edged with mauve.

*Darkie*—yellow and red mahogany.

Le Vésuve	}	both very dark.
Arnoldi		

Many of the mixed bronze, yellow, and purple Irises are fine in colour; to see them at their best they must be grown away from the neighbourhood of mauve, and near white or cream flowers. Some of the queer almost pink kinds are fine against copper Beeches, being shown up by the dark background. Clumps of Iris look well almost anywhere, but the most delightful way to grow them is in a garden of their own with grass paths and many beds filled with the best sorts.

*Iris Germanica* is followed by *Iris Sibirica*, much the finest form being *orientalis*. In a damp sunny spot it grows four or five feet high, with luxuriant grassy foliage and brilliant violet flowers on slender stalks; the distinguishing feature is the deep red sheath which holds the bud. The sketch was done at the Royal Horticultural Garden at Wisley, where they formed a magnificent mass of colour near the ponds. *Spiraea Aruncus* grew on the slope above and there were a few plants of fine Day Lilies. After *sibirica* come the Spanish Iris and *ocbroleuca*. These are making a very effective group in a nursery garden close by, clumps of white Spanish Iris thrown out by a very



**Late Irises** fine violet Canterbury bell, and behind, *Iris ochroleuca*, with its  
**and Lupins** long sword-like leaves and tall white and yellow flowers. These Spanish Irises are most useful for picking, and are so cheap, only about tenpence a hundred, that if space is a great consideration they can be treated as annuals and thrown away when the flower is over; otherwise they should be kept in the ground as they then increase and make strong clumps. A good plan is to put them under Pinks, or any plant with small roots and the same spreading habit. It is worth while paying a little extra to have the bulbs in separate colours, and then good effects can be made of white, blue, bronze and yellow. The English Iris, which does not flower till July, wants much the same treatment, and is equally useful.

A very valuable plant for grouping, which is out at the same time as *Iris orientalis*, is *Lupinus arboreus*. At Wisley this Tree Lupin has taken complete possession of some rough banks made by digging out a ditch; they have seeded themselves, and there is now a wealth of white and pale yellow bloom, with a scent as sweet as that of Beans. Here and there are tufts of golden Broom and purple Iris, and a few Briars toss their long sprays towards the sky, making altogether a picture much more lovely than I can describe or paint, but easily attainable in many gardens. These Lupins grow quickly from seed, and it is better to raise some every year to be sure of a stock, as the old plants may disappear suddenly in a bad Winter, and never seem to be very long lived.

*Lupinus polyphyllus*, a perennial also quickly raised from seed, is useful for naturalising, and can be had white or in lovely shades of blue; it is delightful, growing in clumps in long grass with Columbines, or massed in the borders. The



TREE LUPIN. IRIS. BROOM.

*R.H.S. GARDEN, WISLEY.*





ORIENTAL POPPY AND LUPIN.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



shades of blue vary a good deal, some being of an exquisite soft June. tone and others of a more ordinary mauve or purple. It is Poppy worth while securing the seed from some really good stock to Effects start with, or begging a root, as it can be increased by division. We grow the white with the Oriental Poppies; it makes a most brilliant effect, but, alas, one very quickly over.

The trouble of these magnificent Poppies is that they want a great deal of room when they are in flower and are very untidy afterwards. If space admits, it is best to devote a bed to them in some wild part of the garden where *saxifraga hypnoides*—making a sheet of white with its tiny flowers—or some of the big Thistles, might be grown among them. The two best red kinds are shown in the sketch; *orientale* is an orange-scarlet having sometimes a large black blotch at the base of each petal—*bracteatum* is a fine crimson with black blotches, and much taller and stronger in growth. There are several pink kinds to be had as well now, a pale, rather dirty mauve-pink, and a good terra-cotta, which is less gaudy than the bright scarlet and very effective.

*Papaver pilosum* is another delightful perennial Poppy about two feet high, bearing apricot-coloured flowers on branched stems, and leaves of a soft grey-green. It is very easily raised from seed. In Mrs Boyle's garden a charming picture was made by this orange Poppy and blue Nemophila growing at the base of an old sun-dial. It looks particularly well too with white near it, Columbines or Campanulas for instance.

There are several useful blues out just now; Love-in-the-mist and *Anchusa Italica* being two of the most lovely. In both the colour is apt to vary a good deal. Love-in-the-mist is sometimes very pale, but it can be obtained deep soft blue; and

**Anchusa** it is important therefore to look out for a good strain of seed.  
and Autumn sown plants are always much the strongest. *Anchusa*  
**Campanula** *Italica* can be either a rather crude French blue or pure cobalt.  
It is a most valuable plant as it continues flowering most of the  
Summer and looks well anywhere. I like it best of all with  
white, but if a gayer effect is wanted, grow it in the borders  
near posts of Paul's Carmine Pillar Rose.

Many kinds of Campanulas are in beauty now, and are  
invaluable in the borders and the wild garden. The biennial  
Canterbury Bells lend themselves to a great variety of treatment;  
the more they are massed the better they look, and they are not  
particular where they grow. We have a plantation of them  
in the open, a gay mixture of all the colours, and I have seen  
them doing equally well on a piece of rough ground under large  
trees. Seed can be had in separate colours, and single or double,  
the violet being particularly fine. It should be sown in April,  
and flowers will then be produced the following June year.  
Later on in the month several perennial kinds of Campanula  
are out which should be in every garden. *C. grandis*, mauve  
and white, comes first growing about two feet high, and bearing  
handsome spikes of flowers. They are strong growers, and  
increase quickly by division. *C. Macrantha*, purple, about four  
or five feet high, and *C. Glomerata*, either purple or white,  
with tufts of flowers at the tops of the stems, do well in woody  
places. Rather later in the month come two of the most  
useful, *C. persicifolia* and *lactiflora*. *Persicifolia* is both mauve  
and white, and in soil it likes increases very fast. To get the  
best flowers it should be taken up and divided pretty frequently.  
There was a lovely mass of it at Wisley, looking as if it had  
seeded itself profusely under a bush of *Spiraea Reevesi*, the long





VALERIAN.

*OLD DOVOR HOUSE, CANTERBURY.*





white sprays of the latter bending over to meet the erect spikes of the Campanula. June.

For rough places where little can be expected to grow, Valerian must not be despised; it enjoys old walls or steep banks. The sketch, made in a garden which not many years ago was nothing but an old chalk pit, shows how gay a clothing it can be to arid spots. There are three distinct sorts, white, pink, and a fine red. Valerian  
Geranium  
and Giant  
Parsnip

Geraniums are worth introducing, especially into the wild garden, where they look thoroughly appropriate, and are gay with flowers all the month. There is a pale mauve one, native to Scotland, which in garden soil makes a good clump three feet high. *Geranium pratense* is a large deep purple one. The handsomest of all is claret-coloured, the large flowers pencilled very delicately with dark lines.

The giant Parsnip, *Heracleum giganteum*, is a splendid plant for naturalising under trees, or in any spot of which it can be allowed to take entire possession. Handsome as it is, the immense leaves and great white umbels ten feet or more in height, and the freedom with which it seeds, make it an almost impossible plant for the border. We have spared a few in one place, because they make such a good background to Delphiniums. It is magnificent if given room and allowed to form a miniature forest of its own.

The flowering shrubs of this month are too many to be included in these short notes, but it must not be forgotten that Lilacs, Laburnums, Guelder Roses, Weigelas, etc., all belong to the early Summer. Honeysuckles, too, flower through May, June and July, and some kinds, like the late Dutch, right up to the Autumn. They should be largely grown in the wild

Honey- garden, planted to grow up trees and hedges, or to creep over  
suckle the roots of dead trees, so as to bring their sweetness down to  
earth. The wild one—*Lonicera periclymenum*—is lovely on  
some of the Suffolk commons, covering low Gorse bushes, and  
even trailing over Heather clumps. In our part of the world its  
beauty is nearly always out of reach at the very top of the  
hedges.

Of Peonies and Roses there is so much to be said that they  
must have special articles to themselves; that on Peonies has  
been kindly contributed by Mr Richmond Powell, and that on  
Climbing Roses by Mrs Crofton. Roses in general are treated  
of in "July."



GIANT PARSNIP.

*CHARTHAM RECTORY, KENT.*





**DELPHINIUM AND COW PARSNIP.**

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



# PEONIES

FROM the earliest period of Greek Mythos, the age that June. through the mist and glamour of time appears to us Home of the glowing with poetry and exuberant fancy, there comes Peony the legend of Pœon, the medicine-man, disciple of Æsculapius, whose function it was to heal the wounds received by the gods during the Trojan war. Having cured Pluto of injuries that had been inflicted by Hercules, Æsculapius, under the sting of torturing jealousy, compassed his death. But Pluto, out of love and gratitude, transformed the ensanguined body into a crimson-stained flower, so that the world should for all time have a memorial of the renowned healer, and the flower was endowed with his name, the Pæonia, and still perpetuates it.

Peonies, in their different varieties, are at home in many parts of the globe. One need travel no further than to the Southern slopes of the Alps, Monte Generoso, for instance, to see them growing wild in profusion; and other distinct species are to be found throughout Southern Europe, the Caucasus, Persia, Siberia, China, Japan and North America. All are denizens of the Northern Hemisphere, and in their natural state, are single, or at most semi-double; but the stamens, as with Roses, readily lend themselves under cultivation to development into petals, and hence we get the fine double flowers that are now so popular.

Thirty, twenty years ago, even to not a few people at the present day, the name of Peony suggested nothing but the old double red May-blooming flower that has now been banished from so many gardens, but that still is to be found in cottage



Colour plots. "A crude, hard, flaunting colour," is the accusation levelled at it by those whose nerves are delicate and who are, perhaps, deficient in a sense of the fitting. A jarring note it may be if set in an uncongenial environment, choking and crushing out the more tender beauties of Aquilegias, Tulips or Pansies. But place this flaunting flower discriminatingly at the edge of a shrubbery: plant a mass of it on a grassy bank in close proximity to the soft fresh green of early Spring foliage: or near the margin of a pool in company with Solomon's seal—no harm if in partial shade from trees—and see what a striking effect of colour may be produced. In the *Officinalis* section, to which the old double red Peony belongs, there are also white and pink forms of the same flower, both single and double, free growing, so that with this section alone considerable variety and contrast may be attained.

There are also other natural species, such as *Pæonia Albiflora*, *P. Decora*, *P. Emodi*, *P. Peregrina*, *P. Tenuifolia* (single and double), and the charming pale yellow *P. Wittmanniana*, besides others which are rarely met with in cultivation, but all well worth growing in wild gardens, or where space is not a consideration.

The great advance in Peonies that has taken place in late years has, however, been brought about by crossing and recrossing the *Officinalis* and *Albiflora* groups, the so-called herbaceous or Chinese Peonies, on the one hand, and by the careful selection and development of the Moutan or Tree Peony on the other. Every shade of colour from purest snow-white through cream, sulphur, diaphanous pink, rose, salmon, cherry red, magenta to deep purple-crimson has now been produced: and variety of colour has been almost equalled by diversity of form, for we

have singles—huge cups like Water-lilies, filled with a sheaf of June. golden stamens—lovely semi-doubles, and full doubles; some with high centres under which the guard (outer) petals almost disappear, some like gigantic Anemones, some with a bunch of tassel-like stamens, others with centre petals like silky white or pink feathers, amongst which soft lights and shadows play with delicate grace.

Moutan Peonies which flower earlier have been described in the May notes, so that here we are concerned only with the June-flowering herbaceous Peonies. These are hardy as any Dock or Dandelion, and are handsome plants in the border from the time their carmine shoots push up from the crowns in March till the strong foliage fades through deep green-red and orange-russet to its last shrivelled brown in November. Here in East Kent they thrive splendidly, either in full sun or partial shade, and seem to revel in the disintegrated chalk soil of the locality. I set new plants in October or November, if possible, and prepare their resting place by digging a hole from two to three feet in depth and of about similar diameter: at the bottom is laid a layer of three or four inches of well rotted stable manure, then six inches of soil (good loam) and then further alternate layers of manure and soil till the surface level is reached. The plant should then be placed in the middle of this prepared plot and the crown covered with about an inch of soil. There it should remain undisturbed for many years, for Peonies resent being moved and if subjected to this indignity revenge themselves by refusing to flower, or flowering badly, for a year or two. They are gross feeders and enjoy three or four good draughts of liquid manure during the growing stage, especially when just coming into bloom. I also give them a

Useful liberal mulching of manure each winter. Some of my Peonies Varieties of have been in their present position for seventeen years: the Peony stools are now very large, although I constantly cut off pieces to give away, and they bear from forty to sixty magnificent heads of flower each June.

Florists' catalogues are overcrowded with names of Peonies, very many of which resemble each other so closely that the ordinary amateur can detect no practical difference between them. It would be impossible here to give an exhaustive list of even really distinct varieties, so I must content myself with naming a few of the best kinds out of the fifty-six carefully selected specimens that grow well here.

Albert Crousse—pale pink.

Candidissima—large pure white.

General Cavaignac—guard petals pink, centre bright sulphur on opening changing to white.

Kelway's Queen—flesh pink, very lovely and sweet-scented.

Lady Alexandra Duff—French white—very large.

Madam Auruffle—cherry red, some of the centre petals salmon pink.

Madame de Vatry—pale pink changing to cream, very high centre flecked with crimson—large and beautiful.

Magnifica—white, centre stained with deep crimson—one of the finest.

Magome jiro—white guard petals, with thread-like stamens, very distinct.

Peach blossom—lovely self pink.

Princess Louise—rose pink—charming.

Prolifera Tricolor—cream with yellowish centre blotched June.  
with red.

Whitleyi—large single white with golden stamens—  
beautiful.

W. RICHMOND POWELL.

# CLIMBING ROSES

Effect of  
Carmine  
Pillar and  
other  
Climbers

**I**F authors wrote of Roses all the livelong day, and painted them in words to match their sweetness, they would never tell one half of the glory of the Queen of Flowers.

I am no authority on Climbing Roses, I only write from an artistic point of view, and after all if we planted from this view we should make more points of interest in a garden. What could be more beautiful than to come suddenly round a corner and find Penzance briars trained up larch poles as pillar Roses, red-orange in the sun, with dark blue Firs for background?

It is no use having a new Rose if it is not a good grower, and old favourites should never be discarded for new if they are strong, of good colour, and flower courageously.

Nothing can compare with the "Carmine Pillar" Rose. One of the most perfect memories I have had this year was a glorious June day in the Barn Garden at Limnerslease. The great artist was dying in his London home—I felt we were on holy ground. Two arches of Carmine Pillar spanned the path, great single petalled Roses shining like rubies in the sun. Their white centres were like pearls; I never saw such a mass of colour anywhere before. The wondrous tiled roof of the great grey barn was half smothered in clusters of the yellow rambler "Aglaiia." The wall on one side of the square was a wealth of the dear old Gloire de Dijon, and bushes of old-fashioned pink Roses were in the beds with the grey wood of the barn for background. Next the "Carmine Pillar" arches, pale blue Delphiniums grew—they borrowed their tint from the sky when the sun was out on a day in June. They were

wonderful spires, some of the fairest blue petals just washed with June.  
the softest touch of pink. At their feet grew very pale yellow Some Rose  
Irises and soft white and blush Canterbury Bells. It was all Gardens  
sunshine and colour.

Another picture I see was in July. It was eventide, and the setting sun rested lovingly on an arch of Leuchstern Roses. A mass of bright pink clusters growing closely together from the base to the topmost twig. Each tiny single Rose has a white centre like Apple-blossom. Through the arch I saw a mass of white Madonna Lilies in the shade. They were almost ghost-like in their whiteness and wove themselves into a dream. I never saw their like. The background of dark trees, with sunlight glinting through the branches here and there, made the pink and the white brighter and purer.

I know a garden which has a Sweetbriar hedge all round it, the scent of which carries far in the evening breeze. Over the hedge, chains carry Roses from point to point, making drooping garlands as they go. There is a gate in the middle of each side of the garden spanned by an arch covered with *Rosa polyantha*, which falls in great showers, when the hedge is covered with pink. There is a fountain of water in the middle, and beds of all the most beautiful Hybrids and Tea Roses round. Through the white arches were golden-cut Yews, blue Delphiniums, golden Mulleins ("Ladies' fingers" as they are called by the women-folk). It is a garden where Roses love to bloom.

I grow the Carmine Pillar up larch poles in my garden, and by the door of my Garden Room. It is by far the best Pillar Rose that there is, and though it sometimes loses leaves it never gets mildewed like the dear Crimson Rambler, and is a

A Pergola of more possible colour to paint. "Dorothy Perkins" is a lovely Yellow pink climber, but I have not yet tested its strength.

### Roses

There is another Rose garden that I love, with a sundial in its midst. It has a Rose hedge all round, a double rough trellis covered with Roses on either side. You enter by an arch covered on one side with "Queen Olga of Wurtemberg," a blaze of colour, meeting "Papillon" with much smaller flowers, varied from paler to fuller salmon-crimson. "Madame Alfred Carrière" is on the trellis-hedge, the large white flowers faintly tinged with blush are always sweet-scented. "Claire Jacquier" is there, and the colours blend, for the branches get entwined, and you see it as a whole and do not trouble to bend over labels of each.

I saw a wall covered with "E. V. Hermanos," I wonder why so few people grow this Rose? It was one mass of bloom, very sweet-scented, of rosy-yellow shaded with peach and pink. A loving hand disbuds the Rose lest it should bloom itself to death.

I once saw a long pergola, leading on to the blue beyond, covered with yellow Roses of many kinds—"William Allen Richardson" with its dark orange buds, "Alister Stella Gray" shading almost to white, "Aglaia," "Rêve d'Or," and "Bouquet d'Or." It was a wonderful sight, for the flowers crept underneath and over, and grew in a golden tangle catching the sun in showers. At its base ran a narrow border of dark purple Heliotrope, its sweet fragrance meeting the scent of Roses in mid-air.

After all we may prate of new climbing Roses, but is there any Rose which really beats our faithful old friend Gloire de Dijon? with its great strong arms reaching round the house and

covered with bloom. It comes into flower first to greet the June.  
love of June, and it flowers in Autumn to show us it does not  
dread the coming of Winter.

One side of my home is buried in June in the flowers of  
the Gloire, great branches of Rêve d'Or, with its golden tresses  
and long brown shoots, Longworth Rambler with its wonderful  
bright rose-pink flowers, and pink China Roses at the base which  
have wandered up the trellis, envious of the sunshine higher up.

On my verandah I have masses of "Félicité Perpetué"—  
"Maids of the Village" I prefer to call it—it is a far prettier  
name. The blossom hangs like great white waves and bends  
the branches low. Crimson Ramblers mix up with the white,  
the dashes of crimson colour making the Roses whiter and purer.  
There is nothing so beautiful in all my garden when the sky is  
dark blue and the doves are cooing. I am not surprised that  
the birds choose such a shelter for their nests.

" . . . Round my casement blow  
Those clustering roses fancy hath baptized  
Maids-of-the-Village ; and adown they hang,  
Like to a waterfall you see far off,  
That foams but moves not."

Then Fortune's Yellow ? Who would not grow Fortune's  
Yellow if they could ? It is such a sadly capricious Rose ! I  
know of two cottages literally covered with it, and the loose  
untidy flowers are the loveliest blooms in the world. They  
are yellow with shades of apricot and red and pink, no two  
blossoms alike in colour or size. You will be told this Rose will  
only grow on a sheltered south wall, but I have seen it as a  
Pillar Rose facing east, with great branches covered with gold.  
The best gardeners in the world fail to make it grow, and then



Some Rose at other times it will "go away" with no lavish care or extra Pictures trouble at all. There is a spirit of mischief in the heart of this Rose.

Another one which grows beautifully on a south wall is L'Idéal, a Tea Rose which climbs freely and throws out long branches covered with flowers. I cannot describe the colour; it is not so golden as Fortune's Yellow, it has almost a bronze shade in it, and pink and yellow and red. Plant it with bushes of soft blue *Ceanothus* under it, and in front white Madonna Lilies, and then if an artist does not call it a picture bid him walk on to the next garden to see scarlet Geraniums, Calceolarias, and Lobelias planted in rows.

In many places folk plant climbing Roses up the bare stems of old trees or living Fir trees. In a churchyard where Scotch Firs grew, every stem was covered with climbing Roses, crimson and white. They grew to the top of the trees; I never saw a fairer sight. In George Herbert's garden there is a very old Acacia tree, too old to support branches any longer, which is covered with Crimson Rambler. It is most picturesque, and the colour seems to weave into the peace of the garden as one stands by the well-known old Medlar tree watching the river flowing past on its way to the great sea, and thinking of the one who loved that garden, and watched the same river flow. There is a wonderful atmosphere about a garden. I am sure you can feel the spirit of George Herbert is still there just as you can realise when you enter any garden, the atmosphere created by the owner.

HELEN CROFTON.



DELPHINIUM. LILY. POPPY.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



# JULY

“ Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,  
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,  
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,  
Sweet-william with his homely cottage-smell,  
And stocks in fragrant blow ;  
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,  
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,  
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.”

—*Matthew Arnold.*

“ And nearer to the river’s trembling edge  
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple, prank’d with white,  
And starry river-buds among the sedge,  
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright.”

—*Shelley.*

**N**O hard and fast line can be drawn between the last week of June and the first of July ; the flowers crowd and overlap each other, and vary in their dates for coming out with the variations of the weather. **Succession of Roses** Roses and Lilies reign supreme above all the beauty that Midsummer brings us.

Roses, in which we have been revelling through June, are still entrancing in their beauty through the earlier weeks of July. Fresh kinds are opening every day to fill the places of those tired out with flowering ; these have earned a rest, and many of them in a little time will have made fresh growth and be full of bud again. Some of the most lovely Cluster Roses unfortunately bloom only once, and it is difficult to dissociate from them a feeling of regret that their beauty is so transient, and will shortly be gone for another year.

Some early      Among climbers—Madame Alfred Carrière—a Hybrid Tea  
Climbing      with us excels all others for early and late blooming. The end  
Roses      of May sees it in bud, through June it is covered with its very  
sweet white flowers, and up to Christmas there are always good  
blooms to be found. It needs only plenty of room; we have it  
on walls and pergola and fence, growing equally well every-  
where, but perhaps most successfully on the fence, where the  
long shoots can spread as they like, not even restricted by the  
clinging embrace of *Clematis flammula*. Other quite early Roses  
and rampant growers are :—

Rêve d'Or—yellow, beautiful in Spring and Autumn, with  
red-brown shoots.

Paul's Carmine Pillar, and the White Pillar—both single  
Roses, which rush into bloom the beginning of June,  
and make sheets of red and white, but, unfortunately,  
soon come to an end. They must have room; we  
have the red on a wall about ten feet high, and it  
is quite difficult to know what to do with the new  
wood each year.

Aglaia—with cream and yellow clusters.

Papillon—a pink noisette, which flowers again in the  
Autumn, and bears bunches of from three to twelve  
good-sized flowers, with fascinating, well-shaped buds  
varying in colour from cream to several shades of full  
pink; it does equally well on a wall or pillar.

Reine Olga de Wurtemberg, Reine Marie Henriette,  
Cheshunt Hybrid—three good reds.

Maréchal Niel, the Banksian Roses, and Fortune's  
Yellow.

The latter is one of the earliest of all, but lovely as it is

here, with its delicate foliage and numbers of loose orange-pink flowers, its greatest beauty can only be seen in a warmer climate; Banksia and memories of it wreathing Olive trees and falling in golden showers, or climbing tall Fir trees with Wistaria, festooning the whole tree with garlands of mauve and orange, invite comparison against one's will.

The Banksian Roses, both white and yellow, grow freely here, probably liking the dry chalk subsoil; one old white plant, now some forty feet in height, has been on the house thirty years or more. It must not be forgotten that the little pruning these Roses want must be done directly they have ceased to flower; the young growth of the year should be cut back, and weak wood taken right out.

Among dwarf varieties, the China Roses are the first and also the last to bloom. They look particularly well planted in large masses, and are literally perpetual. Directly the flowers have been cut off they set to work to form new sprays, and are just as gay as ever in a week or two. The old blush-pink should never be left out; it is a stronger grower than many of the new sorts with finer colouring, and is first-rate for a low wall, or for forming a double hedge with Lavender or Rosemary, or a bed of it alone looks particularly well, giving a soft pink effect. If room allows, nearly all the Monthlies are worth growing, particularly :—

Eugène Résal—copper and bright rose pink.

Laurette Messimy—salmon pink.

Comtesse du Cayla—orange and red; gorgeous.

All these are vigorous and quite lovely, and seldom without flowers. Other good kinds are :—

Irene Watts—white.

China and	Hermosa—pink.
Pompon	Fabvier—fine red.
Roses	Cramoisie-supérieure—red; will climb.

The free-growing Monthlies can be planted among shrubs in herbaceous borders. A tangle of Cramoisie Supérieure with *Spirœa Aruncus* and the Gum Cistus is delightful. The white flowers of the Cistus glisten all the morning, but by twelve o'clock their beauty is gone, the petals fallen to the ground, and only the sprays of buds are left, with their promise for the morrow. Another good contrast of white and red can be got with this same red China Rose and double Deutsia. This bush grows eight or ten feet high, forming graceful sprays of white, and the Roses will tumble about over the topmost shoots. Perhaps the prettiest effect of all is a white Cluster Rose wreathed with the long trails of *Tropæolum Speciosum*.

The Pompon Roses are also among the earliest, and make neat little plants which cover themselves with bloom, and flower again late in the year. Perle d'Or is one of the most fascinating; when nearly all other Roses have disappeared we often pick fine shoots bearing ten to fifteen of its miniature copper-coloured flowers. All the following kinds are good:—

Anna Marie de Montravel—white.

Schneewitchen—white.

Colibri—white shaded to yellow in middle.

Léonie Lamesch—deep orange and red, most brilliant and unusual in colour.

Mignonette—pink.

It is impossible to do more than mention my own favourites, as a suggestion towards a few of the many Roses that should be grown for mid-June.



CLUSTER ROSE.

*WACKINGTON, CANTEBURY.*





Lamarque, with its clusters of large white flowers and lovely July.  
scent, cannot be beaten as a wall Rose if it likes the Some good  
soil, but it is variable. Climbing  
Seven Sisters, an old-fashioned white cluster, is quite one of Roses  
the best ; it bears great heads of small flowers and buds  
and is intensely white. The sketch shows it flowering  
over an outhouse, the north side of the house, where  
it made such splendid growth that a trellis had to be  
put up in front to support the many boughs.  
Alister Stella Grey and William Allen Richardson blend  
well together, the first being cream in flower and  
yellow in bud, and the second orange copper. It is  
well to remember that this Rose is much more deeply  
coloured if it is not grown in full sun.  
Grüss an Teplitz is a magnificent deep red and a perpetual  
flowerer, going on till late Autumn.  
Thalia, a white cluster, and Euphrosyne, pale pink, are  
out together ; they should be grown where they can  
form a tangle at their own sweet pleasure, and will  
shower cascades of white and pink.  
Garland, Bennett's Seedling, and Climbing White Pet are  
all white free-growing climbers, and lovely anywhere,  
trained up poles, wreathing arches or walls, or climbing  
into trees and falling in showers.  
*Rosa Multiflora*, a Himalayan Rose, when it first bursts  
into its wealth of blossom is like a glorified Bramble,  
making a beautiful background to clumps of  
Delphiniums, or any other border plant of fine  
colour.

Flora, an exquisite blush and pink Rose, must have room to

Scotch  
Briers,  
Japanese  
Roses

ramble and fall, and will cover every inch of itself with bloom.

Blush Rambler has the growth of the old Crimson Rambler, and is a lovely soft pink.

The very hardy Scotch Brier Roses make delightful bushes for the wild garden, and the double white and yellow both do well here left to themselves in the rough grass. *Rosa rubrifolia* is good, the dark red stems and leaves making a mass of rich sober colour, and *Rosa rugosa* and its Hybrids are all useful in the same sort of place. The latter are vigorous and very hardy, and such kinds as Blanc double de Coubert, Madame Georges Bruant, Schneelicht—dead white—and Conrad F. Meyer—salmon-pink—are very beautiful and flower a long time.

At the end of June, and lasting into July, come the *Wichuriana* Rose and its Hybrids, the best of all for planting to tumble down a haha wall, or grassy banks, as they trail and creep like Ivy. The wild Japanese *Wichuriana* is a single cream-white, with large sprays of buds which open slowly, so that it remains in flower a long time, and even in early August still looks full of promise. It is charming for growing down such a place as the stone edging to a flight of steps. Among the Hybrids the best are :—

Gardenia—with a full cream white flower.

Jersey Beauty—single white with yellow buds.

Alberic Barbier—clustered cream.

René André—salmon pink.

Paul Transom—lovely pink full flower.

Dorothy Perkins—a lovely bright pink with large clustering heads like Crimson Rambler.

The Penzance Briers are at their best too here in July, and



CLUSTER ROSE.

*SKARSTED COURT, SITTINGBOURNE*



can be trained to form first-rate hedges or pillars. They, or the ordinary Sweet Brier, are particularly useful for clothing fences in reach of cattle, as they will not touch them.

For late July there are many useful climbers, such as:—

Madame Plantier—very white and free with a medium-sized flower.

Félicité Perpetué—with clusters of small white pompon-like flowers and pink buds.

Psyche—soft pink medium-sized flower.

Dorothy Perkins—flowering much later than the other *Wicburiana* Roses.

Aimée Vibert—with large heads of buds and semi-double white flowers.

The white Rose—of which I cannot find the name—painted at Sharsted Court on July 14th, is a wonder of beauty. There are wreaths of it all round the Rose garden, and, unlike many other climbing Roses, it seems to flower all the more profusely when pruned back pretty hard. The Rose garden itself is surrounded by old brick walls and fine trees, so that these Rose wreaths are delightfully thrown out by a variety of backgrounds. In another part of the garden a wall bounding a terraced walk is draped in white with the flowers of Madame Plantier.

The uses to which these free-growing Roses can be put are almost endless. If there is an ugly fence to cover, or a screen is wanted to separate one bit of garden from another, a few posts and a light trellis may be easily put up, and will be covered in two years with Roses. Walls, Pergolas, arches, bridges, banks of streams, etc., may all be clothed. The more naturally they are grown the better they look. Crimson Rambler is at its best clambering over an evergreen hedge, as of

Roses in Thuya, and such kinds as Garland, Félicité Perpetué, Flora, the Wild Dawson's Pink, will make fountains of Roses over almost anything. The sketch of Rose Euphrosyne with white Foxgloves shows how charmingly they can be used to form a tangle of beauty in the wild garden.

A Rose alley is a delightful sight; one in an Algerian garden always remains in my remembrance—a winding avenue of Eucalyptus, and on either side tumbling masses of a semi-double blush Rose with a bright pink centre. Hybrids of *Rosa multiflora* and *Wichuriana*, or the Ayrshire Roses, could well be used in this way. If a good square hole were cut in the grass when they were first planted, and the soil properly made, they would need very little attention for years. On soil that looked like pure gravel I have seen Reine Olga de Wurtemberg growing in the form of a huge umbrella, flowering all over on strong shoots, so that the Roses could be picked with stalks nearly two feet long. Close by Marie Van Houtte was ten feet high, and Madame Lambard had grown into a tree right in the wood. In this particular garden the Roses are chosen for strength as much as beauty, and very little pruning is allowed of either Teas or climbers.

Above all Roses should be planted in our chutchyards, the more rampantly growing kinds to form groups of lovely flower between the graves or against the walls, and the low growers at the base of the old grey tombstones—so often uncared for and only half erect. The Wichurianas, which creep almost like Ivy, or Roses good for pegging down such as Una—a large single white—or Gloire Lyonnaise, which throws up perfect white flowers the whole length of its six-foot shoots, are among the best for this purpose.



FOXGLOVES. ROSE EUPHROSYNE.

*MILTON COURT, DORKING.*





Readers of Miss Jekyll's delightful book, "Roses for July. English Gardens," will remember many suggestive pictures for the use of Roses in these and other ways.

Teas, Hybrid Teas, and Hybrid Perpetuals, I have left till the last, partly owing to the difficulty of picking and choosing a few names out of the hundreds of beautiful kinds. The sketch, made at Mr Robinson's at Gravetye, shows what a Rose garden may be even in the third week of July, when the first flush of Roses is really over. The strength of the Roses may be attributed a great deal to their being mostly on their own roots. The cuttings are made in September, and laid in sideways in the open ground with a long piece buried. Many kinds will be found to grow much more freely in this way, as the Briers perish in many soils in which the Teas and Hybrids will grow well. The beds are not devoted to Roses alone but are filled with many low-growing plants: Violas—white, mauve, yellow, and purple; Sedums; annual white Alyssum, Rhodanthe, a pink annual lovely with pink Roses; Veronica, above all good with white Roses; Kaulfussia, Dwarf Campanulas, Phacelia, Dwarf Lavender, Platstemon californica, Simpkin Pinks, Gilias, Carnations and blue Lobelia, Cupid Sweet Peas, and numbers of others. In our own soil we find it best to devote the beds to Roses alone, using such plants as Anemones or Violas for borders; so close above the chalk the Roses need all the nourishment they can get. With Violas we find it most important to get the young plants, made from cuttings the preceding September, planted out early in the year, so as to get them established before drought or great heat.

A list of the best kinds of Roses will be found in Miss Kingsley's "Autumn" Article, as good Autumn Roses are also, as

Some a rule, the strongest and best for Summer flowering. Mr Mount, beautiful our celebrated Canterbury Rosegrower, has also given many Roses names in the following useful Paper, which he has kindly contributed on the growth and culture of Roses.

The few favourites of mine not mentioned in either list are: Corallina, Papa Gontier, Rainbow, Madame Jules Grolez, Mademoiselle Yvonne Gravier, all pinks of different shades; Madame Pierre Cocher, Madame Chédane Guinosseau, and Sulphurea, yellow; Virginie, Rubens and Gloire Lyonnaise, white; also the single Irish Roses—Irish Beauty, Glory, and Harmony.

## CULTURE OF ROSES

FOR any person fond of growing flowers, there is no flower that will better repay the care and attention bestowed on it than the Rose, provided that one starts with the best and most suitable varieties for the particular place that is chosen, and also that the soil and position is fairly well suited for them, and not altogether opposed to what they really require.

First, as to position. A fairly open ground, and exposed to as much sun as possible, sheltered a little from the strongest wind by hedges of Privet, shrubs, etc., but not overhung by large trees, as trees make too much draught and shade.

Secondly, as to soil. A good moderately stiff loam is the best soil, but any soil will grow them if properly prepared. The



ROSE GARDEN.

*GRAVETYE, SUSSEX.*



soil should be double dug (not trenched) to a depth of 18 inches, July. and if it is very light or sandy, it is improved by an addition of heavy clay or loam. If too stiff, some light, well-rotted manure, and rough sharp sand, etc., is an improvement. Some well-rotted manure may also be dug in before planting. When the ground is prepared, select if possible a fairly dry day for the planting, as the ground will work so much better, and will be benefited all the following Summer by not being trodden about in wet weather. The Roses can be planted either 2 feet square or 2 feet by 18 in., according to the size of the bed, with a path about a yard wide between every two or three rows, if a great number are planted. A hole should be dug to about the depth of one foot and about one foot square, and made nice and level at the bottom with fine earth. The roots should be evenly spread out over the soil, a spadeful or two of fine earth thrown in on them, and be well trodden down. A little manure can then be put in on top of the earth, the hole filled up with some more soil, and very lightly pressed down with the foot.

When finished, the union of the Rose to the stock should be about two inches below the ground. After the bed is planted a mulching of manure on top of the ground all round the plant is a good thing. If the ground is at all dry at the time of planting a half gallon or so of water to each plant is beneficial, but it is better done after the mulch is on, as that prevents the soil from cracking.

About the beginning of March the Roses will require pruning, and this is an important matter with young plants, as a great deal depends on the first year's pruning as to whether the plants will make good-shaped bushes or not. The different classes of Roses require different methods of pruning. (The N.R.S. issue

Pruning of a good manual on this subject, with directions for any Roses Rose.)

First. The Hybrid Perpetual Roses as a rule require to be pruned to within 4 to 6 inches of the ground, and to an eye pointing away from the middle of the plant.

The Teas require the thin wood to be cut out, and also any soft sappy wood, and to be cut back to some sound hard wood or joints.

The Hybrid Teas require varying treatment according as to whether they partake more or less of the Hybrid Perpetual or Tea type. A good general idea can be formed from the look of the growth, such varieties as "Marquise Litta," "Mildred Grant," and "Mrs W. J. Grant," etc., requiring to be treated similarly to the Hybrid Perpetuals, while "Madame Abel Chatenay," "Marquis Salisbury," "Papa Gontier," etc., require to be pruned more after the manner of the Teas. All three classes also require to be pruned much harder for exhibition than for ordinary garden purposes.

The climbing varieties require the long shoots cut back a little, but not very much, with one or two shoots each year cut right back to within a few eyes off the ground. This is to induce fresh strong shoots each year from the bottom of the plants, as otherwise they get ugly and straggly in the course of a few years. Climbing varieties as a rule flower better from the long one-year growths, so that any wood more than two or three years old is better cut out where possible.

Now as to varieties. The Hybrid Perpetual class is usually considered the hardiest of the lot, though it often happens that the more delicate Teas do better than the Hybrid

Perpetuals near the sea in exposed places. They seem to like July.  
the sea air more than the H.P.'s. The best

For general cultivation the following are a few of the best  
Hybrid Perpetuals: Red and dark Crimson, etc., Alfred  
Colomb, Chas. Lefebvre, Capt. Hayward, Duke Edinburgh,  
Fisher Holmes, General Jacqueminot, La Rosine, S. M.  
Rodocanachi, and Ulrich Brunner. For Pink: Mrs John  
Laing, Mrs Sharman Crawford, and Madame Gabriel Luizet  
are by far the best growers and all-round good sorts. Roses to  
grow

For White: Frau Karl Druschki is a long way ahead of  
all others, though Margaret Dickson is a strong grower, but it  
is rather subject to mildew.

In the Teas for Pink, Catherine Mermet, Maman Cochet,  
Madame Lambard, and Madame de Watteville are good. For  
Yellow and shades of yellow, Anna Ollivier, Marie van  
Houtte, Madame Hoste, and Souv. de Prince Notting are  
the best. For Whites, The Bride, White Maman Cochet,  
Souv. de S. A. Prince, and Hon. Edith Gifford are all  
good.

In the Hybrid Tea class, for Red, Liberty, Marquis  
Salisbury, and Grüss an Teplitz (Autumn flowering) are all fine  
in their own way, Liberty being almost scarlet sometimes. For  
Pink and shades of pink, Mrs W. J. Grant, Marquise Litta,  
Caroline Testout, La France, Killarney, and Viscountess  
Folkestone are good. Whilst for Yellow, White and inter-  
mediate shades, etc., Bessie Brown, Madame Pernet Ducher,  
Clara Watson, Antoine Rivoire, Madam Abel Chatenay, and  
Souv. de President Carnot are all very fine.

All the above varieties can be recommended for any garden,  
as they are all fair growers, and under ordinary treatment will



Rose Pests thrive. They are not all the best exhibition varieties, but for general effect in the garden, or for cutting purposes, they are all first-rate.

Some people like to grow Roses as standards with stems from 2 to 4 feet high. If standards are required they must be planted in a fairly sheltered place to get the best results, as of course being higher than the dwarfs they feel the wind a great deal more. Some of the trees do remarkably well as half standards, and for exhibition purposes they cannot be beaten, as the flowers come larger, better, and cleaner. It is advisable to stake them after planting, and in very frosty weather a light protection of straw or hay over the heads is advisable. Standards are not recommended if the place is at all unfavourable, at any rate not until a few have been tried first to find out if they will grow.

Before finishing I will give a few directions for getting rid of pests that infest the Rose. Early in Spring caterpillars may appear in the foliage and bud, and the best way to get rid of them is to pick them off and crush them. Later on green fly often appears, and that is best destroyed by a solution of soft-soap in water, just strong enough to make the water lather freely. When the solution is made, syringe the Roses in the evening, and again the next evening if the first time was not sufficient to kill the green fly; it is better to syringe twice than to do it too strong the first time. Mildew often appears about the end of June; the best remedy is to dust flower of sulphur over the plant and to take off and burn the worst leaves. Later on in the season it is almost impossible to stop mildew, and it is hardly worth while to try.

Red rust is sometimes troublesome, and this is again practi-



**LILIUM SZOVITZIANUM.**

*R.H.S. GARDEN, WISLEY.*



cally impossible to stop, but it does not often attack the plants July. until the first flowering is over. The best way to keep it in Hardy check is to pick off and burn the worst leaves. Lilies

If these few hints and directions are followed out there need be no doubt about the ultimate success of growing Roses in profusion.

GEORGE MOUNT.

All through this month a succession of lovely Lilies are in flower. On peaty or sandy soil nearly all the best may be grown, especially such beautiful kinds as *Giganteum*, *Auratum*, *Pardalinum*, *Hansonii*, *Umbellatum*, etc. On pure loam the choice is more limited, but there are four Lilies which should thrive in almost any garden.—*Candidum*, *Croceum*, *Testaceum* and *Martagon*. *Lilium Szovitzianum* also likes loam, but is more difficult to grow well. We have it in a border, but though it throws up a wonderful spike each year it does not increase. At Wisley, where my sketch was done, it was growing in all sorts of positions—the exquisite pale yellow heads, rising five and six feet in height on a steep bank above grass fit to cut for hay, or looking even more beautiful under an Apple tree with a background of dark trees. Like most Lilies it enjoys shade, and in this spot looked as if it were increasing fast. The scent too is delicious.

*Croceum*, the orange Lily, seen in so many cottage gardens, is always most effective if planted in large quantities. It looks particularly well with Delphiniums, the yellow and orange *Alstroemerias*, or any white flower such as *Epilobium angustifolium alba*. This white Willow Herb is as hardy as the

Lilium common pink one, and very useful where it can be given room  
Candidum to run.

and        Of *Lilium candidum*—the Madonna Lily—it is impossible  
Testaceum to have too many, and the garden is lucky which has old estab-  
lished plants not yet touched by disease. It should never be  
disturbed if doing well, as sometimes it is difficult to re-establish.  
The radiant white of the flower, and the shining buds pointing  
upwards, are supremely beautiful. Suggestions as to where to  
plant this Lily seem almost superfluous, indeed, it is hard to go  
wrong, but lovers of its beauty will not be content with one  
good effect but will try for many. Large clumps should be in  
the borders against blue or orange, or near a fountain of white  
Roses, or again in groups on the lawn where the lovely heads  
will be seen only against grass and trees; some should certainly  
be where the garden is open to the west, so that the last low  
rays of the sun should add their glory to the pure petals. The  
sketch shows a line of them planted under a year. One secret  
of success is to put the bulbs in early, never later than August.  
In this particular case the soil, which is sandy, was dug out,  
lime rubbish and turf sods put in at the bottom of the hole,  
then the soil replaced, and a little chalk added round the  
bulbs.

*Lilium testaceum*, called also *excelsum* and *isabellinum*,  
prolongs the Lily beauty to the end of the month. The long  
stems, sometimes six feet high, with seven to twelve soft  
apricot flowers, are very lovely. This Lily is probably a hybrid  
between *Candidum* and *Chalcedonicum*, and does not demand  
any particular care, growing where the Madonna Lily  
thrives.

*Lilium Martagon*—the Turk's cap Lily—so often picked  
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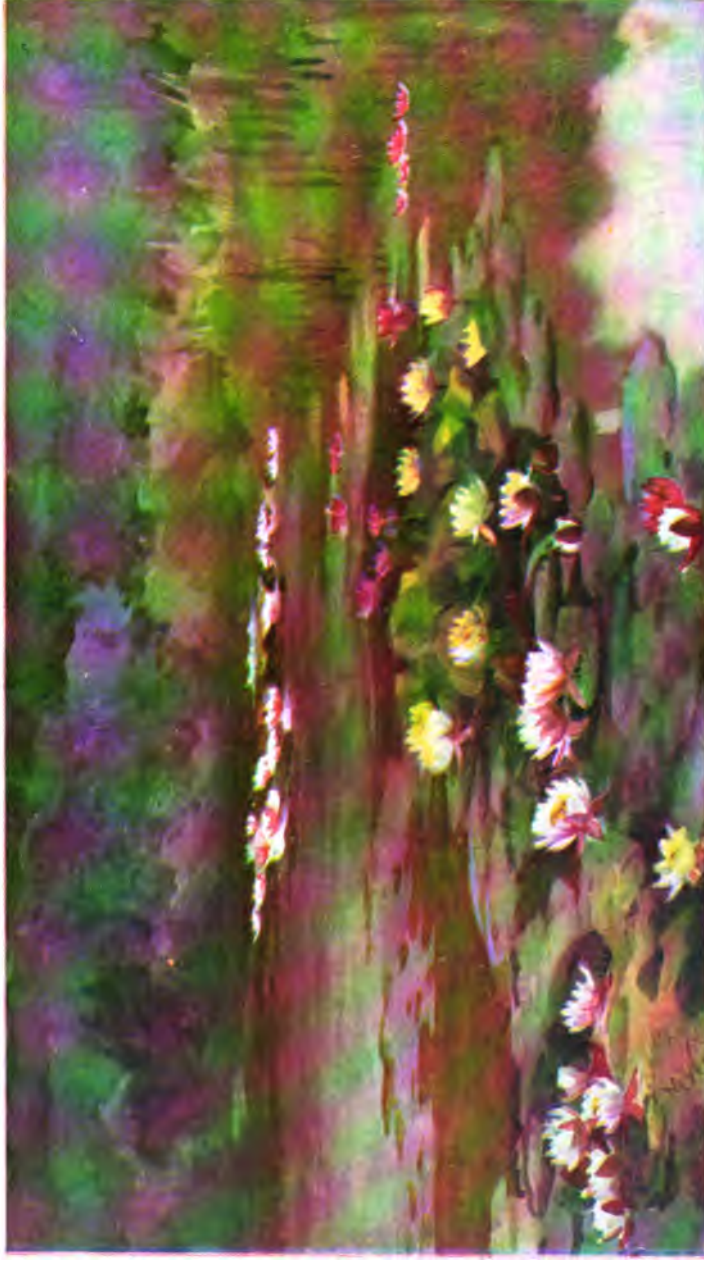


LILY AND VINE PERGOLA.

*MILTON COURT, DORKING.*







WATER LILIES.

*R.H.S. GARDEN, WISLEY.*





in Swiss hayfields, is excellent for naturalising in our own wild July. gardens, in grass or wood. In the borders their soft red purple Lilies for colour is often eclipsed by some more showy neighbour, though the Wood it looks well near white. The white variety is much more lovely and uncommon.

Many of the rarer kinds of Lilies do well in woods; they need the shade and damper atmosphere; in full sun, even if they succeed, their beauty fades terribly quickly. Wandering down a woodland glade what more delightful surprise than to come suddenly on a group of Lilies raising their stately heads to the canopy of trees above. *Lilium pardalinum* may well be planted in this way, and is very effective with its tall heads of orange and flaming scarlet. It needs a light rich soil with plenty of manure and leaf mould.

*L. Giganteum* flowers at the same time, and wants much the same soil and position. The great stems may be eight or ten feet high, and should bear about a dozen drooping bells, white, shaded to dull purple in the throat.

*Lilium Hansonii*, bright orange with dark spots, also does well under trees, or in the shade of such a bush as *Spiræa arizæfolia*, which is just opening its soft cream tassels when the Lily is in flower.

In a sheltered garden at Saltwood, as early as the last week of June, clumps of the great orange *Lilium umbellatum* were out. These Lilies were nearly five feet high, and clothed to the ground with healthy green foliage, their huge heads of bloom looking most effective against a mass of evergreens combined with the tumbling sprays of a white Rose.

If the garden contains water, the hybrid Water Lilies should certainly be grown, and will give great beauty through

Water Lily and Japanese Iris July and August. There is something wonderfully beautiful and appealing in the big wide-open flowers, lying in serried ranks on the surface of the water, always just out of reach in a tantalising way. Even the smallest pond may be made of use to grow them, and on large sheets of water their round flat leaves will soon spread into islands of loveliness. The flowers have the form of the common Water Lily, but are much increased in size and varied in colour. Large pure white ones may be had, or white flushed with rose, a clear yellow, and a fine rose pink.

Another feature of the water-side through this month should be the Japanese Irises (*Iris Kämpferi*). Water is not absolutely necessary to their success except just before flowering, but they like to be at the edge of a pond in the full sunshine, as illustrated by the sketch painted at Wisley. The whole growth and colouring is different from any other Iris; the leaves are very bright green and grass-like, and the flowers of varied and unusual colours, running mostly from white through queer pinks to plum colour, but there are also wonderful violets and greys. The form is different too—the standards are quite small, sometimes hardly showing at all, and the falls are wide and flat—many of them with a distinct white or yellow band down the centre. They should grow four feet high and be about seven inches across the petal. They can be raised easily from seed, and flowering plants obtained in two years. They are not very particular about their soil, but prefer loam and peat and then increase freely, seeding themselves.

The profusion of annuals and perennials in July give many opportunities for arranging pleasing schemes of colour on a large scale, according to the individual taste of the grower. A



JAPANESE IRIS.

*R.H.S. GARDEN, WISLEY.*



special colour may well be chosen to prevail at a particular July. season; I have often wished to have white alone. This A blue year near Dunwich I came across a blue and a pink garden. Garden Only a few yards of cliff, covered with Heather and Honey-suckle, separated it from the North Sea. Turning from the wild beauty of that view, and entering the garden—sheltered from the north-easterly gales by an old curved red brick wall—one is greeted on the threshold by the vision of a fairy scene, with blue for the key-note. A straight path leads from the door right up the centre, and on either side are ranks of Delphiniums, some fully seven feet high, all carefully chosen for their clear tones; others dwarf, show their heads of flower against the green of the taller-growing kinds. Spikes with a tendency to mauve, or too densely packed, have been carefully discarded, and shades from sky blue to a real French blue encouraged. *Nemophila* grows below, creeping on to the path and breaking its stiff line, with patches of *Lobelia* interspersed to carry on the blue effect later in the year. For plants of intermediate height there are Cornflowers, White Mallows, White Galega, Madonna Lilies, Summer Daisy, *Anchusa capensis*—like a big Forget-me-not—white Canterbury Bells, etc. Other plants might be added according to circumstances. *Campanula persicifolia* and *Lactifolia*, *Anchusa Italica*, *Grambe cordifolia*, *Ceanothera speciosa*—to throw white flowers on the pathway—and pillars and garlands of late white Cluster Roses behind and above the spikes of blue.

Through a gateway at the other end one passes into the pink garden; the cream-yellow clusters of Rose Alister Stella Gray, hang over the entrance, clumps of *Delphinium* stand sentinel on either side with *Convolvulus Minor* at their feet,

A pink and a French Poppy of a perfect shade of pink, called Sutton's Garden Chamois Rose, is added to the group as an introduction to the new scheme. The straight path continues through hedges of common Monthly Rose with Lavender waving above; late evening is the time to see this border at its best, when the sun lights up the soft pink to a more glowing colour. On the right is the Rose-garden with a cupola of Climbing Roses in the centre, and beds of free-growing Hybrids and Teas about it. Forming a boundary between this scene of beauty and the wood are borders of French and Mikado Poppies, Godetias, pink Mallows, Clarkia, etc.

The sketch done at Milton Court, near Dorking, shows a totally different effect gained by a gorgeous blending of all sorts of annuals in a border, opposed to one of cool blues, whites and yellows mostly of perennials, such as, White Phlox, Veronicas, Anchusas, *Sidalcea listeri*, *Achillea mongolica*, *Arctotis grandis*, *Eryngiums*, Campanulas, etc.

In the Annual border were:—

Mallows	}	All sown in their places in March.
Blue Pea		
Shirley Poppies		
<i>Calendula officinalis</i>		
<i>Lupinus Menziesi</i> , nanus and albus		
Larkspurs		
<i>Kaulfussia amelloides</i>		

Sweet Peas sown in February, in pots in a cold frame, and planted out later in well-manured ground, with a slight depression left round each plant to hold the water.



BORDER OF ANNUALS.

MILTON COURT, DORKING.





*Antirrhinums*—Sutton's deep crimson, coral red, pure white, and cloth of gold.

*Stella Sunflowers*—primrose and full yellow.

*African Marigolds*

*Dianthus Hedwegi* — in separate colours, salmon pink, deep red and white.

*Scabious*

*Penstemons*

*Gaillardias*

*Pblox Drummondii*

*Asters*

*Coreopsis grandiflora*

*Lobelia cardinalis fulgens*

All sown in heat and pricked out later.

July.  
Useful  
Summer  
Annuals

Ten-week Stocks are splendid either for picking or effect. Princess Alice and East Lothian are two of the best white—the one secret for obtaining spikes of double flowers ten inches long, and numbers of side shoots, is never to check the growth of the seedlings. Seed should be sown early in March, and the soil first thoroughly soaked, so that watering can be avoided if possible till the seeds are up. Prick the young plants out when big enough in wet soil, do not water till necessary, and plant out of doors when the weather is fit. A lovely border can be made with these Stocks and red H.P. Roses—the scent is so delicious, it should be near the house if possible. Or they might be grown with a selection of blue annuals, such as Love-in-the-Mist, Cornflowers, *Nemophila*, *Phacelia campanularia*, *Convolvulus minor*, *Kaulfussia amelloides*, small blue Pea, and

Useful the loveliest of all blues, the *Convolvulus*, *Ipomea rubra carulea*.  
Summer Such an effect, or the blue alone, could well be realised on a  
Annuals bed of late Tulips, and would give very little trouble once started,  
as many of these annuals seed themselves well. A border of  
*Antirrhinums* alone is very effective; the dark red, with almost  
purple foliage, is particularly fine, and they last months in flower.

There are many other useful annuals which should be  
grown, such as those mentioned in the following list, not  
forgetting the indispensable *Mignonette* and *Night-scented*  
*Stock*.

Annual Toadflax—*Linaria bipartita*, *reticulata* or *aureo*  
*purpurea*, should be sown early in the year in the  
open ground.

*Schizanthus*—if sown in heat in March, will make a  
feathery mass of flower eighteen inches or two feet  
high in July.

*Asperula orientalis*—blue.

*Bartonia aurea*—sow out of doors in April or sooner in a  
frame. Bright yellow.

*Phacelia tanacetifolia*—with grey-blue fuzzy heads of  
flowers. Sow out of doors.

*Gilia*—pretty little edging and carpet plants of various  
colours. Sow out of doors.

*Verbena*, in many good colours. Sow early in heat.

Iceland Poppies—*nudicaule*—white, yellow and orange.

*Cosmos*, white, very useful for the late Autumn, it grows  
four feet or five feet high and bears a lot of white  
flowers—good for picking. Sow early in heat.

In the wild garden in July there should certainly be an  
effect of pure white Foxgloves, either in big beds in the open

by themselves, or with Shirley Poppies or loose-growing Roses; July. also in glades of the wood where they can freely seed themselves. To keep the strain white the greatest care must be taken to pick off all the pink flowers that may appear; they are pretty in their way but do not approach the white in beauty. On a soil they like, with space round them, these are magnificent; the best I have ever seen were at Teynham where many of them reached six feet in height, and one particularly fine plant had twenty good shoots round the central spire, making a pyramid of flower. Like every other plant they repay the grower for giving them a position they like. Being biennials, they must be sown two years running in May, and then ought to be self-supporting. Dozens of young plants will come up round the old stems, and some should always be pricked out in a nursery bed for stock. Foxglove and Phlox

For the borders, and for large beds where a brilliant colour effect is wanted, Phloxes will be found most useful. By using both Summer and Autumn varieties their flower can be enjoyed through July, August, and September. They are to be had in beautiful shades of flaming red, pink and white. Coquelicot and Coccinea will be found two of the best reds; other good kinds are Mrs Farquhar, Etna, Mrs Oliver, J. C. Hamisch, Sylphide, Aurore and Pascale. They are all perfectly hardy and very easily increased by seed, cuttings, or division. Cuttings may be taken at almost any time of the year, but a very good plan is to make them from the early shoots thrown up in March; they strike well then, and better flower is produced by the old plant if some of the shoots are thinned out. For division, the plants should be taken up in the Spring, cut into small pieces, and replanted.

**Monarda**      *Monarda didyma* planted between Phlox Coquelicot makes  
**didyma** a splendid effect; its height is half that of the Phlox and a very  
pleasing harmony of colour is given by the low masses of soft  
dark red with the flaming points above.

# AUGUST

“ And Nature holds, in wood and field,  
Her thousand sunlit censers still;  
To spells of flower and shrub we yield  
Against or with our will.”

—J. G. Whittier.

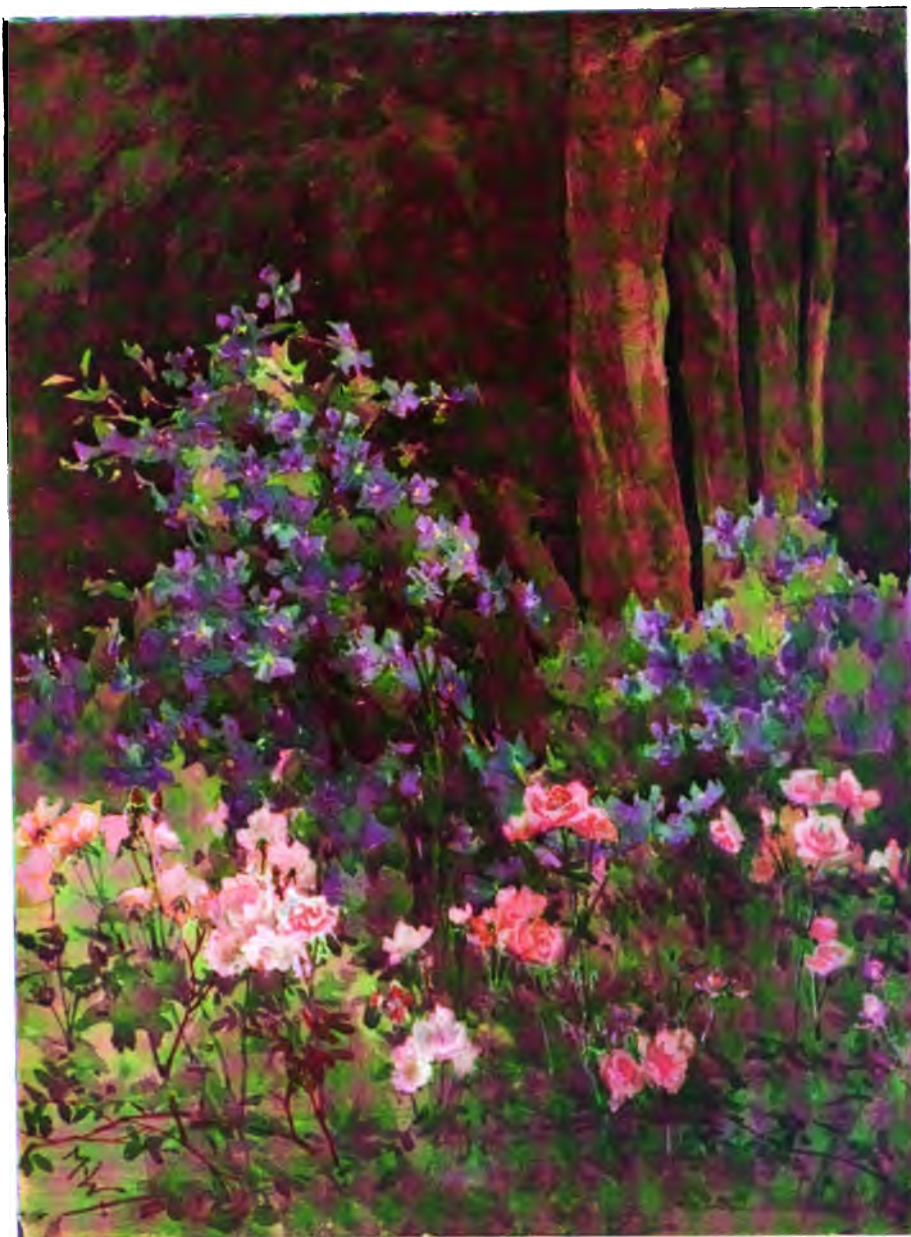
WHEN most Roses are out of bloom, resting after their lavish gifts of flower earlier in the Summer, and Clematis preparing for a second harvest in the Autumn, the Clematis has its day of triumph. For this reason the Rose garden is one of the best places in which to plant it.

Grown up short posts and trailing along the chains between them, the Clematis thus forms a garlanded enclosure for the Roses. The effect somewhat recalls the fields in parts of Italy, where Vines are trained in great festoons between Maple trees, and through their young leaves we see the ripened corn. Another and simpler effect of growing Clematis is to train it up stakes and allow it to form a natural bower of flowers at some point where colour is wanted. For other parts of a garden advantage should be taken of its free-growing habit, and it should be planted to creep down a rockery or steep bank, or to climb up trees or clothe walls. If there is room to give them a bed to themselves, a delightful effect may be got by collecting some old stumps of trees and making a rough pyramid or two with strong branches, and then encouraging Clematis to grow over it all and form a tangle of white, mauve and purple.

In the Spring *Clematis alpina* (or *Atragene alpina*)

Varieties of looks charming growing just as it does in the Tyrol, wreathing Clematis the stumps of old trees with its delicate soft blue flowers, never more than a few feet high. In a mild climate, like that of Cornwall, *Clematis indivisa* is hardy, and in April is quite lovely with its branches of starry white flowers and plum-coloured stamens; here, unfortunately, it needs glass. Later in the year come *C. Montana*, *C. florida*—with white flowers three or four inches across and purple stamens, and its double forms, such as the Duchess of Edinburgh—and *C. patens*, with its many beautiful garden hybrids, Miss Bateman, and Sir Garnet Wolseley being among the best. All these three types of Clematis bear flowers on the old wood, and should only be pruned if their growth becomes too extravagant.

To August and the Autumn months belong the varieties of *Lanuginosa*, *viticella*, *coerulea*, *coccinea*, *Jackmanni*, *flammula*, and *paniculata*. All these flower on Summer shoots, and are the better for the thinning out of weak wood in the Spring. Strong growing kinds like *Jackmanni* may be cut right back in the Autumn, and made to form new shoots from the crown, but this method should not be tried with other varieties unless the size of the plant is to be reduced. A Clematis called Perle d'azure, the colour of Neapolitan Violets, is a charming one for growing on stakes about five feet high among Rose bushes. This sketch was done in Mr Robinson's garden at Gravetye, where two or three plants form a beautiful cluster over the scattered blooms of Caroline Testout. A white form of *C. viticella* was out at the same time bearing a multitude of small white flowers, and hanging in a delicious tangle from the lower branches of two small trees. *Jackmanni* bears its magnificent violet-purple flowers for many weeks, beginning as a rule



CLEMATIS PERLE D'AZURE AND CAROLINE TESTOUT ROSE.

*GRAVETYE, SUSSEX.*





in the middle of July and going on till late September. We August. have it growing up posts in the Rose bed with the climbing Varieties of Dorothy Perkins, the two making a fine bit of colour together. Clematis With us it is much the strongest of any of the large flowered sorts, and grows magnificently over a six-foot fence exposed to the north-east, with white Aimée Vibert Rose as a neighbour.

The *lanuginosa* type we find much more difficult to grow, though our soil, loam on chalk, is what a Clematis is supposed to enjoy above all things. In spite of carrying out all the best advice, mulching in Summer and dosing with manure water, they have an unkind way of suddenly failing when in full flower. Once they get established they do well, lasting many years, and are so lovely that they are worth a lot of trouble. My favourites are Henryi, cream-white; Lady Caroline Neville and *lanuginosa*, a lovely grey; Beauty of Worcester, Princess of Wales, and Sensation, mauve; William Kennett and Louis Van Houtte, violet. There are now a number of varieties of red or plum-coloured Clematis, most of them small-flowered, which are not to me nearly so attractive as the old-fashioned kinds. *C. coccinea* has small flowers of a really bright salmon-red, but is quite unlike the *Jackmanni* type; the coloured sepals are all closed together till near their tips and form a tube. For the Autumn *C. paniculata* and *flammula* should be planted; they are both very free growing, resembling strongly the 'Travellers' Joy of our hedges, but bearing larger sprays of white flower with a very sweet scent.

The sketch shows a fine effect of *Clematis Jackmanni*, Yuccas and Pampas, at Chilham Castle, near Canterbury. The Yuccas, the first week in August, were a wonderful sight. Every plant in this border under the wall had its spike

**Yucca**, of cream-white flowers about 8 ft. high, contrasting with the  
**Montbretia** warm soft heads of the Pampas. They look even more magnifi-  
and cent in isolated clumps on a terrace, showing the full beauty  
**Nasturtium** of their growth, as the foreground to some distant view. A  
little later I saw another Yucca picture made by groups of a  
dwarf kind on a sunny bank, with orange and red *Montbretias*  
growing thickly round them. The very green grass-like foliage  
of the *Montbretias* looked particularly well with the dark blue-  
green spiky growth of the Yuccas; their cream heads were  
about 3 ft. 6 in. high, and seemed to spring from the  
ground.

*Montbretias* (*Tritonia*) increase so fast in many soils that  
they need to be taken up at least every other year in the Autumn  
and replanted in the Spring. When too crowded they cease to  
flower. *Etoile de Feu*—red—and *Aurore* are two of the best.

*Nasturtiums* could well be added to such a group; they  
are gorgeous as a carpet, and at their best in this month. Poor  
soil is all they need, on good they run to leaf, and the blaze of  
colour is not obtained. Both tall and dwarf varieties are among  
the easiest of all annuals to grow, and remain in flower a very  
long time. They should be sown out of doors in April and  
May, or even as late as June they will succeed, so that they can  
be used to replace some spring flowering plant which has come  
to an end, such as Pansy. Earlier plants are got by sowing  
the seed under glass in Spring, and planting out in May.  
Some of the double varieties are very handsome, and can be  
increased by keeping a few pots through the Winter for cuttings  
in the early Spring. There are charming shades of colour  
to be had from cream to fiery crimson, all blending one with  
another: one of the handsomest is *Empress of India* with dark

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YUCCA AND PAMPAS.

CHILHAM CASTLE, CANTERBURY.





TROPÆOLUM SPECIOSUM.

*GRAVETTE, SUSSEX.*



plum-coloured foliage and vivid red flowers. A white easily-  
grown annual that looks very well with these dwarf varieties is *Tropæolum*  
*Gypsophila elegans*; it is most valuable for picking to mix with *speciosum*  
other flowers, being both light and graceful. The tall varieties  
should be planted to cover bare trellises or palings; cottages are  
often gay with them, the low white ones of Somersetshire look-  
ing particularly pretty clothed with flowers up to the thatch.  
*T. Lobbianum* is a more uncommon but beautiful variety, very  
easily raised from seed sown out of doors in April.

The most beautiful of all *Tropæolums* is the perennial  
*speciosum*, so often seen in Scotland. There it grows in the most  
delightful way with wreaths of delicate green, and scarlet flowers,  
and gives no trouble at all; in the South it is not so easy to  
cultivate successfully. Position seems much more important than  
soil; it needs a cool place with shade most of the day, and above  
all some shrub or tree to climb into. Its delicate tendrils are much  
happier twining round living branches and forming festoons of  
burning red from bough to bough than trained up a wall on  
strings. The sketch shows how well it can be made to grow over  
Holly trees, finding its way even to the very tops. Near it should  
be the wild Japanese Wichuriana Rose, which bears at the same  
time its clusters of single flowers and many buds, or it would be  
hard to imagine anything prettier than garlands of *Clematis*  
*Viticella alba* and the *Tropæolum* meeting in the same tree.

Our own garden is not successful in the late Summer, the  
ground gets parched and the plants have a starved look which  
fills me with despair when I contrast them with others growing  
on a good deep soil. Any suggestions for fine effects therefore,  
through the greater part of this month, must be borrowed from  
what I have been fortunate enough to see in the gardens of my



Hydrangeas friends. At Gravetye, in the second week of August, there and Tiger were several most attractive colour groups. Hydrangeas were coming out, their soft blue panicles of flower beautiful near a great mass of salmon-orange *Lilium tigrinum Fortunei*. These Lilies were only just beginning to open a few of their number of grey woolly buds, and should still be in beauty in September. The variety *splendens* is perhaps the finest of all, and flowers a little later. All the Tiger Lilies are easy to grow, and are wonderfully effective anywhere. They like a sandy loam with some leaf-mould and manure as a top-dressing. Hydrangeas suffer from frost, and to be seen at their best must have a mild warm climate. There are clumps in a cottage garden near here, on some of the highest land in Kent, which flower profusely, but they remain low and rather stiff in form. In Cornwall or Devonshire they grow into big bushes and make a lovely soft effect of blue under the shade of trees. *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora* is a handsome kind, growing four or five feet high with pointed white sprays about a foot long. We have not been successful with it, but I have seen it growing splendidly on a cold clay soil.

The Everlasting Pea—*Lathyrus latifolius*—is most useful now, either forming great bushes supported by stakes or fastened to a trellis and allowed to tumble negligently at will. White, blush-pink, and a rather common rose-pink, may be had. The white looks well anywhere, under a tangle of *Clematis Jackmanni* for instance, or climbing round the base of a pergola with the vivid scarlet of that delightful little plant *Zauschneria californica* beneath it. The real Sweet Pea can be very effectively used in gardens too if distinct colours are grouped together, mauve and purple in one place, and pink and



HOLLYHOCK.

*MILTON COURT, DORKING.*



red which harmonise in another. For this purpose they need August. to be well grown from the first, must be given plenty of Hollyhocks, food and water, and never be allowed to seed.

Evening  
Primrose

Hollyhocks—*Althæa rosea*—which began in July are still fine in August. The great height of their spikes, seven or even nine feet, and the long heads of buds opening by degrees from the bottom, make them particularly striking among late Summer flowers. At the back of herbaceous borders, against Yew hedges or stone walls, or in big beds in the open, they are certain to look well. In some gardens they are troublesome plants—either rotting in the Winter or failing under the attacks of their special disease—in others they flourish and seed themselves, keeping up a perpetual supply of good strong plants. They grow in this way on a bank above a stream in a garden near here, with a background of fruit trees, and their tall spikes reflected in the water below. July or August is the best time for sowing. The young plants should be kept in a cold frame through the Winter and planted out in April or May. If they are sown in January in heat it is possible to flower them the same year, but they will be late and never so fine as those sown the Summer before. Cuttings can be made at almost any time from the small shoots round the old roots; if taken in Winter or early Spring they will need bottom heat to strike them. The Fig-leaved Hollyhock is a useful variety, slender and branching in growth, and producing a number of flower spikes.

Two varieties of Evening Primrose are particularly showy now, *Oenothera Fraseri*, bright yellow, about one foot high, and *Lamarckiana*, four or five feet high, with large pale yellow flowers which are in blossom for many weeks. The latter sort

Tritoma in is useful for the wild garden or shrubberies, as it seeds itself and the Wild needs no care.

Garden Tritomas—*Kniphofia*—should be largely grown in the borders for colour through August and September, or in large masses on the lawn or in the wild garden. They can be allowed really prominent positions as they are magnificent when in flower, and are never ugly or untidy, and in Winter one is glad of their dark green tufts. Coming from a hot climate they are not always quite hardy in severe weather, but in the south of England they ought to be safe and should grow well in good loam or sandy soil with an annual top-dressing of manure. In Spring and Summer they like plenty of water, with good drainage. They should be increased by division in the Spring, but it is better not to disturb the old plants more than is necessary. There are a number of varieties, and many new hybrids; some flower quite early in the year, but the most worth growing are the later Summer and Autumn ones. Such kinds as *grandis*, *nobilis*, or *longiscarpa* are all particularly handsome; many of the hybrids—Obelisk, Pfitzeri, or Ophir, for instance—have fine yellow and orange spikes of flowers seven feet high. The sketch is done from a group of the common “red hotpokers” growing in our wild garden. They revel in the open position in the sun and rear their strong vivid spikes to the sky, burning like torches. Their colour is a wonderful blending of yellow, rose, and orange-scarlet, with a mysterious bloom thrown over all these brilliant shades. They grew very slowly to start with, but are fine clumps now, though the individual spikes are not as fine as those in the borders. There are many strong growing plants which might well be grouped with them; the big blue Globe Thistle,



TRITOMA.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



*Echinops ruthenicus* for instance, or the Cotton Thistles, with August. their spiked leaves and stalks, covered with white down, and *Hyacinthus* their purple heads. *Onopordon illyricum* and *arabicum* are both *candicans* good biennial sorts. We are planting a handsome very blue-green grass called *Elymus glaucus*, with ribbon-like leaves, as a neighbour, and a most successful bed can be made with clumps of *Hyacinthus candicans* between the Tritomas. Bamboos, Pampas, or *Spiræa Douglasi* form a fine background for them. This *Spiræa* grows splendidly here, making bushes ten or twelve feet high, covered with large white plumes; it is said to like chalk, and of that it certainly gets plenty.

In the flower garden just now our only really good effect is given by *Hyacinthus candicans* (*Galtonia*) and Gladiolus, in the beds running down each side of the Rose pergola. For weeks their handsome blue-green foliage and the crowded heads of unopened buds have been ornamental; now their pendant bells rising on firm stalks, make a twinkling mass of white, with promise of much lasting beauty. The bulbs were planted in the early Spring between young Roses for which the ground had been well prepared. They were second size bulbs, only costing 3s. a hundred, and very small. In spite of this many of them have sent up three spikes of flower, all five or six feet high and very strong. Plenty of nourishment seems to suit them; the Roses are watered once a week with manure water, but I fear they are robbed by the *Hyacinthus*, as it must be confessed they have not done so well as I had hoped.

The Gladiolus, hybrids of *Gandavensis*, *Childsii* and *Lemoinei*, are throwing up fine spikes of bloom too; they like good rich soil and a mulching of manure in hot weather, and are very suitable for planting in Rose beds, as they flower when



Some useful the Roses are out of bloom, and never overpower them. G.

Perennials *Brenchleyensis*, the scarlet one, does well out of doors with us, and increases, but all the finer sorts have to be lifted before severe frosts begin, and should be dried and stored in a cool place through the Winter. If planted at intervals from March to the end of May, a succession of flower will be got extending to the late Autumn.

While our own perennial borders are looking so starved and poor, those on good deep soil are a blaze of colour, looking better than the whole year through. At Godinton, near Ashford, the whole effect of one border is white and yellow with Phloxes and *Helianthus*, annual and perennial, and the low starry *Rudbeckia* with a dark eye. In a neighbouring border, to these plants are added big clumps of the deep blue Globe Thistle, tall Summer Daisies, *Eryngium*, Sea Lavender, scarlet Phloxes, and such annuals as *Alonsoa*, vivid salmon-pink and deep red Indian Pinks, *Nicotiana affinis*, etc. The places for all these annuals were well prepared in the early Spring, and plenty of spent mushroom manure dug in, which probably accounts for their vigour. In the kitchen garden the sweet-scented white *Bouvardia*, which is delightful for picking, forms a regular hedge under a line of greenhouses; it must be kept under glass through the Winter, cut back pretty hard in the Spring, then started in a little warmth, and when danger of frost is over planted out of doors. A lovely bed can be made with it and *Plumbago* in any sheltered sunny spot.



HYACINTHUS CANDICANS. GLADIOLUS.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



# THE AUTUMN GARDEN

*"When fruit and leaf are as gold and fire  
And the oar is heard above the lyre,  
And the hoofed heel of the Satyr crushes  
The chesnut husk at the chesnut root."*



WHY should we talk of the sadness of Autumn? of Autumn. the hectic flush of nature before it dies? Do we Colour in talk of the sadness of sunset? Nay, rather of its the Borders glory. And so in Autumn all nature flames in triumph before it sinks peacefully into its Winter's sleep—the sleep that is rest, not death; rest in which to renew its youth and its strength, as sunset brings us nearer the sleep from which we rise with renewed energy for the work of the new day. In the garden Autumn is, indeed, the crowning glory of the year, bringing us the fruition of months of thought and care and toil. And at no season, save perhaps in Daffodil time, do we get such superb colour effects as from August to November.

Our borders are now all ablaze with a hundred brilliant flowers; and foremost in startling colour, more vivid even than the Penstemons, are Begonias, the easiest grown of all modern innovations. Whether we raise them from seed or buy the seedlings, the kindly creatures increase in size with surprising rapidity, and only ask to be kept in a little dry sand or cocoanut fibre in some frost-proof corner for the Winter. Much as one loves one's faithful Geraniums, it cannot be denied that Begonias make a far finer show in the borders, while they take a quarter of the trouble to grow and keep. But I rejoice to think that nothing can take the place of our Geraniums for certain purposes. For Begonias are useless for cutting; and how could we dispense with the rich scarlets, the clear pinks, and the delightful ivy leaf Geraniums? Few things are prettier or more satisfactory in the Autumn garden than the mixture of white Paris Daisies with the pink Mme. Crausse, or the vivid crimson Souv. de Charles Turner, whether in beds, or in

Cannas, tubs and boxes, hanging over a low terrace wall, or trailing Dahlias and down a long flight of steps.

Sweet Peas

How fine, too, are the Cannas in our Autumn garden. The mere recollection of certain beds of Cannas and Begonias, with here and there a touch of the dark leaves of the Ricinus to temper the blaze of colour, in a world-famous garden that I love, is enough to warm one through on these grey, chill, snowy days. And Cannas again are even more accommodating than Begonias; for they can just be laid under the green house stage and left there for the Winter with, if possible, less thought than we give the Fuchsias stored on their sides along with them.

Dahlias are in their fullest beauty in these Autumn months; and few plants give us a greater variety of rich and delicate shades. Planted in a row to shut out some bit of the garden that is past its beauty, or massed together in some prominent spot, Dahlias are seen at their best. I came across a long hedge—I can call it nothing else—of tall cactus Dahlias of every imaginable colour set against the edge of a Fir wood, on a late Autumn day a couple of years ago; and their effect against the dark shade of the Scotch Firs showed, so I thought, that this was indeed the perfect usage for these grand and easily grown flowers. In this neighbourhood every cottage garden is gay with them in Autumn; and the churchyard on Sunday is turned by loving hands into a veritable parterre with their handsome blooms.

Late plantings of Sweet Peas, which are too often considered mere Summer flowers, make a rare addition to our Autumn show. Personally I prefer these most delightful of flowers grown in rows of separate colours; and a hedge of Salopian, Hon. Mrs Kenyon, Gorgeous, Alice Eckford, Blanche Burpee,



**MICHAELMAS DAISY.**

*MILTON COURT, DORKING.*





Black Knight, Dainty, Miss Willmott, Celestial, Oriental, Autumn. Dorothy Eckford, and Mrs Walter Wright, sown in five-foot lengths, has this year flowered on till the frosts, a really beautiful object for nearly three months.

Larkspur  
and  
Michaelmas  
Daisies

Another annual which will even survive a few quite sharp frosts, is perhaps the most effective introduction in this class that exists—Sutton's rosy-scarlet stock-flowered Larkspur. It is impossible to praise this flower too warmly. Growing about three feet high, with vigorous and yet graceful branching habit, it blooms continuously all through the Autumn, and produces, if grown in masses with the plants some six inches apart, an effect which for brilliancy and duration cannot be surpassed; while its long spikes of beautiful semi-double flowers last for many days in water and travel well.

Michaelmas Daisies, beloved of bees and butterflies, perennial Sunflowers, the curse of the farmers of Western America, and Chrysanthemums, the joy of high and low—to these our thoughts naturally turn in Autumn; and they open a large horizon. Endless are their varieties and invaluable their use, if used with discretion; for even these, or to speak more accurately the first two, may be abused. In one garden I know, a fine collection of Michaelmas Daisies—carefully called Starworts by their owner, but I am old-fashioned and love the old name best—have been crowded together in two huge borders on either side of a path, with nothing to relieve them. The effect is so utterly dismal as to get on one's nerves and make one wish never to see the plant again. And I was only enabled to tolerate the poor misused flowers by recalling a vision above the Hudson River one October day long years ago, when the feet of the Cadets, as they marched to chapel at West Point

Helianthus, Academy, brushed through a delicate lilac mist of dwarf Asters, Helenium as they are called over there, among the sparse grass of the parade and Chrysanthemum ground. And then as I recollected other taller kinds growing with Golden Rod and *Lobelia cardinalis* along the Erie Railroad, in Northern New York State, mother nature's way seemed best after all. For if we must needs make "collections" of these Autumn flowers, let us at all events remember that she does not grow them all alone in straight beds, but subtly blends them with many another plant in their own homes. No "collection," however perfect, can rival nature's gardening; and if we would enjoy our treasures to the full we must humbly endeavour to follow her methods, planting them among other flowers that shall enhance their beauty and ensure us a steady succession of colour throughout the year. The endless varieties of Helianthus, single and double, and the Heleniums, especially the handsome *H. grandicephalum striatum*, are invaluable both for effect in the Autumn garden and for decoration indoors. And they mingle well with the Asters.

But as we turn for some of our most precious Spring delights to Japan, so do we turn to the Island Kingdom for the most priceless of Autumn flowers, the badge of Nippon, the Chrysanthemum. Of show Chrysanthemums as big as a hat this is not the place to speak. But of late years the humble border Chrysanthemums which, with their small yellow, white, and purple-brown flowers still make many a labouring man's garden as gay in Autumn as his ranks of Our Lady's Lilies do in Summer, have been developed to such an amazing extent that no self-respecting garden can do without them. The varieties are now so endless that it is difficult to indicate which are the best. But for actual effect, some of the older yellow sorts, both

pompon and large flowered, are hard to beat when grown in Autumn. masses; and the same may be said of many of the beautiful white varieties; while for cutting as well as for border decoration there are every imaginable shade and shape in pink, bronze, and darkest brown-crimson. Colour Effects

Possible combinations in planting beds so as to produce a continuous colour effect from Spring till Winter frosts end all, are pleasant food for thought. One might be made of pale blue Delphiniums as a foundation, thickly planted between with the white border Chrysanthemum, pierced through with scores of the flaming swords of Gladiolus. Or for a late effect in some fairly sheltered spot, what could be more effective than the tall, graceful, white Michaelmas Daisy, with masses of *Lobelia cardinalis*, the branching delicacy of the one set off by the dark brown pointed leaves and vivid scarlet flowers of the other, while *Lilium auratum* should tower over all? And such a bed need not go bare till Daisy and Lobelia and Lily are in flower; for a carpet of blue or mauve Violas will keep it gay till the proud Autumn beauties rise above their lowliness. Or in place of Chrysanthemum or Aster the noble *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*, another treasure for garden and conservatory from Japan, may be used with Lilies, Gladiolus and Lobelia. For we cannot have too much of this fine and hardy plant, either planted among choice Rhododendrons and Azaleas, or in groups by itself, always allowing plenty of room for each plant to expand. In the famous Garden of Delight that I love, it is used in many ways; as small standards in the more formal borders, or growing at will in the water and wild gardens, or sunk in pots among other choice flowers on the steep slope of the lawn; while its pink and blue cousin has a

Autumn fairy glade to itself beyond the Lily ponds, under the great  
Roses Oak trees against the wooded hillside, dozens of the plants being  
sunk together in the green moist turf.

But precious and lovely as all these are, there is something more precious still. An Autumn Rose. What magic there is in the mere word. And such a joy is within the reach of all who own a garden in these days. Each year adds to the number of all kinds of Autumn-flowering Roses, especially among the Teas and hybrid Teas. Nor must we forget the many faithful friends among the hybrid perpetuals, such as the invaluable Ulrich Brunner, Mrs John Laing, Fisher Holmes, Mrs Sharman Crawford, Alfred Colomb, Pride of Waltham, Margaret Dickson, and the new and superb Frau Karl Druschki. Few things in the Autumn garden are more effective than a mass of some of those glorious copper-red and china-pink shades which we get among the Teas, such, for instance, as Souv. de Catherine Guillot, or the darker Souv. de J. B. Guillot, General Schablikine, Mme. Lambard, Papa Gontier, Baronne de Hoffman, and Amabilis, though these two last are not known as they should be in English gardens. Or of some of the clear pinks of such hybrid Teas as Belle Siebrecht (Mrs W. G. Grant), Killarney, La France, Captain Christy, and the exquisite Caroline Testout, one of the most invaluable of the class, and never to be forgotten by any one who has seen the two long borders of this grand Rose leading down to the north front of Holland House. While among the darker shades we find such free blooming Roses as the fiery Gruss an Teplitz, in flower from May to December against a west wall, Lady Battersea, Liberty, and Marquise de Salisbury. Of the yellow, orange, white and flesh-coloured Teas and hybrid Teas that flower

freely in Autumn the faithful Marie Van Houtte stands pre- Autumn.  
eminent, closely followed by Anna Olivier, Antoine Rivoire, Late Roses  
Enchantress, G. Nabonnand, Gustave Regis, Kaiserin Augusta  
Victoria, Mme. Cadeau Ramey, Mme. Ravary, Dr Grill,  
Prince de Bulgarie, Viscountess Folkestone, and Coquette de  
Lyon. But a group of that most perfect of modern Roses,  
Mme. Abel Chatenay in October, is hard to beat; for until a  
really sharp frost comes her lovely flowers are borne in abundance  
on the branching shoots of the same year, and last better in  
water than almost any other late Rose. The effect of several  
plants of this Rose is very striking. But there is one other,  
scarcely known in England, which is just as lasting and even  
more brilliant, Monsieur Tillier, raised by Bernaix of Lyons.  
Why this Rose should not be more generally cultivated is a  
mystery, except that being of medium size and curiously im-  
bricated, it is not strictly speaking an exhibition flower. Its  
handsome, nearly evergreen foliage, its abundant blossoms, its  
singular colour, a vivid brick red on a copper base with  
crimson on the outer petals, its sweet scent, and its usefulness as  
a cut flower, ought to bring it into favour in every garden. A  
group of three or four plants are here in constant flower from  
May to November, and make a bright splash of colour right  
across the garden.

Of China Roses we can never have too many: yet how  
few amateurs bestow sufficient care and kindness upon them.  
"The common old China," one hears them say, "that can be  
grown anywhere;" and being neglected and starved it does in  
very truth bear out the scornful description. But grown with  
the same generous treatment bestowed on a Rose that costs  
7s. 6d. instead of 9d., what a lovely object is a big plant of the

Autumn old pink China, the parent of so many beautiful children. In Roses the Garden of Delight where nothing is considered common or unclean, huge bushes of it grow at intervals along the side of the broad walk above the Lily ponds, and make a striking show even when just across the walk rare sub-tropical plants, with Fuchsias, Geraniums, Plumbagos, pink Hydrangeas, and dazzling scarlet Erythrinæ are sunk in the velvet turf. Of the newer kinds, Laurette Messimy and Mme. Eugène Résal, no praise can be excessive, for a bed of these mixed with a few of the pink sorts, planted pretty close together, is a never-ending delight. And now that the new climbing Field Marshal, with its large fine flowers of deepest scarlet-crimson, has added a fresh joy, this lovely family is indeed complete.

Of white Roses many are at their best in the Autumn, such as the faithful Souv. de Malmaison, and two charming Musk Roses, Princesse de Nassau and Fringed Musk. The two double-white Rugosas, Blanc Double de Coubert and the enchanting Mme. Georges Bruant, which, by the way, is seen to perfection as a standard, both flower freely in Autumn. And among the delicious little dwarf Polyanthas numbers of white, pink, and coppery-yellow seem as if they could never flower enough.

Though we have not yet found a perpetual Crimson Rambler, Field Marshal, which I have just mentioned, has added a noble rose to our red Autumn climbing Roses, and with Reine Olga de Wurtemberg, François Crousse, Ards Rover, Longworth Rambler, and handsome Bardou Job, there need be no lack of strong colour on pillars, arches, or walls. Most of the Noisettes prolong the Rose season right into the Winter, and begin again in April. On the old Jaune Desprez,

sweetest of all the family, for which we now look in vain in Autumn. most catalogues, clusters of soft yellow and pink blossoms hang from the end of every shoot filling the air with their fragrance, its handsome foliage keeping green on a south-west wall till nearly the end of Winter. Close by little Ophirie is a mass of bloom till long after the first frosts. Climbing Captain Christy, which was at its best in July, manages still to give a few huge blossoms in October; and the invaluable and semi-evergreen Rève d'Or, with Celine Forestier, Alister Stella Gray, Belle Lyonnaise, give us our needed yellows and creams, while Aimée Vibert flings its vigorous shoots and white clusters over the nearest fence.

Colour effects in the Autumn garden are, however, by no means dependent on flowers alone, fortunately for us. For the first frosts, which blacken our Dahlias and make us hasten to clear the beds of Begonias and their other charms, create a fresh glory among the trees and shrubs. And, in planting our gardens, it is well to pause and reflect upon this very important and attractive question; as many and great are the possible mistakes that come from haste and carelessness. Things beautiful in themselves may be so misused as to produce a perfectly detestable effect. And this we should always bear in mind in our plantings; for it is on the use, not the abuse, of our materials that our picture depends. As an instance of what should and should not be done with that invaluable tree, *Prunus Pissardi*, the purple Japanese Plum, I see two gardens in my mind's eye. In one, fine trees of the Plum are planted alternately with equally fine trees of the white *Acer negundo* var., among stiff borders on either side of a broad walk, and their monotonous formality is the one and only thing that



Shrubs for strikes the mind of the spectator. In the other a few—a very  
Colour few—trees of the Plum stand at far intervals on the right of another long broad walk, among masses of every kind of flower, Roses, Hollyhocks, Gladioli, Lilies, pink and white flowering Cherries, with a background of fruit trees against a high red-brick wall; and on the left velvet-green turf slopes down to the chain of Lily ponds, with the wild garden and lofty forest trees beyond them. In the first, the unimaginative soul of some head gardener has produced an effect as hideous and uninteresting as the squares on a chess-board; in the other, exquisite feeling for nature, and a deep and artistic sense of her beauty, has written a veritable poem in flower and foliage; for all blend into one subtle harmony, each item enhancing the loveliness of its surroundings.

Again, how easily that handsome and useful shrub, the Golden Elder, becomes a nightmare in some gardens. And yet what is more brilliant for many months than its vigorous growth, set against a background of dark Hollies, or reflected in the still waters of a lake. On the dullest of days, under the most leaden of skies, it is light in a dark place, a little blot of sunshine in itself. Yet how intolerable when planted in long rows with so obvious a contrast as purple-leaved Nut! But if these rather positive and violent shrubs are used sparingly and with due caution, they are the source of delight they are meant to be.

Of the shrubby Spiræas one can hardly have enough in the garden, especially of the invaluable *S. prunifolia*. This is a joy from early Spring with its fairy rosettes of white borne in long wreaths along each stem, and its fine metallic blue-green foliage in Summer, which in Autumn runs through every

shade of the green and purple one sees on a pigeon's lustrous Autumn. breast, till the yellow and red from the heart of the bush turn Shrubs for it to clear flame just shot at the points of the shoots with Colour amethystine purple. Invaluable, indeed, is such a shrub, vigorous, hardy, and keeping its foliage long after its handsome companion, *S. opulifolia aurea*, has shed its golden leaves. A group of these Spiræas, with the Guelder Rose, *Rhus Cotinus*, *Exochorda grandiflora*, a snowy Mespilus, and just one or two moderate-sized plants of *Cornus sanguinea* for the deepest note, would produce an exquisite harmony of tender and rich tones through all the months of flower and leafage.

Among Japanese Maples we get endless and beautiful colour effects, from brilliant green through reds of various tones to deepest crimson-purple. But these precious gifts among the many that Japan has bestowed upon the Western world, must not be thrust pell-mell into a shrubbery bed, but planted out on the lawn, and for choice on some brow of the lawn, where their beauties can be seen from all sides. Nothing is more attractive than a well-selected group of the many varieties of *Acer palmatum*, placed in such a manner that while sufficient space is left to allow us to move between them and examine the singular delicacy of their many forms and colours, they shall be near enough to blend one with the other when seen from a little distance. But strangely enough, though all plants and trees from the land of our gallant little allies seem perfectly in place in the English landscape, the American Maples are apt to look crude among our British foliage and under our quiet skies. Crude enough they are in their own land in all conscience; yet in that light atmosphere, under that implacable sky, they seem part and parcel of the whole. But when they

Colour in are transported to the older and more sober continent, they the Hedge- strike a somewhat harsh and disagreeable note, and produce a rows spotty effect in the subdued and solid tints of the landscape.

Another charming colour effect even after the leaves have fallen is due to the wild Briar-Rose and the Sweet-briar, in hedge or shrubbery. As I write in bright sunshine on the snow-clad land, the deep green of Gorse, Broom, and Holly hedges is broken in many places by a crimson mist—the fruit of the wild Roses, which, much against the gardener's wish, have been allowed to grow as they please, and fling their long shoots high above the green. Fairy-like masses of pink and white in June, they turn from scarlet to crimson as the Autumn goes on; and as the birds greatly prefer the handsome fruits of *Rosa rugosa* to the humbler English Rose, they are left to adorn the hedges even in twenty-five degrees of frost. And many another beautiful effect may be gained by the use of everyday trees which are usually left to grow wild in copse and woodland, or relegated for “useful” purposes only to the kitchen garden or orchard. I mean fruit trees both wild and tame. Who that has lived in the north of Hampshire can forget the vivid flame of our wild Cherries in Autumn, huge mountains of snow in Spring that turn to trees of fire in October; or the beauty of Crab Apples both in flower and fruit, growing with May trees right out among the Firs and Heather. And why should we not bring some of the Pears, which take on such gorgeous Autumn clothing, into our gardens, instead of banishing them to unseen and unvisited regions? They would fulfil the object for which they are grown every whit as well, and add a fresh delight to the eye in Spring and Autumn. Some of the Apples also, such as Worcester Pearmain, and the dear old red Devonshire Quarrenden, set thickly in late

August and September with scarlet and crimson fruit, vie in Autumn. intensity of colour with many of our most brilliant flowers. The Colour of Medlar again is among the most ornamental of Autumn trees, Fruit Trees its leaves lasting in a glory of orange and red for a full month, while close by the Spindle tree's fringes of pink coral in the hedge hang above the rich foliage of the Bramble.

Thus by wisely using all that is beautiful, whether costly or common, may we prolong the glory of Autumn into the heart of Winter. And by such dreams of beauty, the remembrance of what has been and the faith in what will be, may we keep warm, thankful hearts and hopeful souls through the dark days to come.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

# SEPTEMBER

"Spring, the young morn, and Summer, the strong noon,  
Have dreamed and done and died for Autumn's sake."

—*R. Le Gallienne.*

"Where are the songs of Spring? ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue."

—*John Keats.*

Late  
Annuals **I**N September many late annuals are in perfection; coming at a time when the great burst of summer flowers is over, they form a valuable addition to the colour of the garden.

China Asters—*Callistephus*—are among those universally grown for this purpose. I am not personally fond of the stiff low kinds with flowers which imitate Chrysanthemums, but the single one illustrated—*Aster sinensis*—is a much more graceful plant, bearing Daisy-like flowers five inches across, mauve, pink or white. We grow them round one of the Tea-Rose beds, the cool mauve tones and the bronze autumn shoots of the Roses making a pleasing scheme of colour which the purple and lilac of the Clematises trained on chains above complete very well. These Asters should be raised in a little heat and be planted out early in June. They repay very much a share of the manure water given to the Roses.

The tall varieties of the annual Larkspurs—to be had in separate colours such as rose-scarlet, white or purple—will make effective clumps of colour three feet high in front of



ASTER SINENSIS AND CLEMATIS.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



shrubs, and have a happy way of seeding themselves and September. reappearing another year. White Cosmos, growing a foot Late or so taller, looks very well associated with them, and lasts Annuals till November.

Gorgeous effects of orange and red are easily attainable now, with such plants as Nasturtiums, Marigolds—tall and dwarf, single and double—*Gaillardias*, *Zinnias*, *Escholtzia*, *Viscaria*, *Coreopsis*, etc. Next to the orange such purple annuals as *Whitlavia*, *Salvia borminum*, *Linaria*, etc., give brilliance. There are numbers of other useful annuals, but a few which should not be omitted are, late-sown Sweet Peas, *Antirrhinums*, *Nicotiana affinis*, and the new pink *N. Saundersæ*, Autumn Stocks, *Salpiglossis*—with its fine range of colours and finely-shaped and veined flowers—and Marguerite Carnations. The latter must be raised in heat early in the year; if planted out in May they will flower well through the autumn and up to the end of November out of doors, and can then be potted up and grown in the greenhouse through the winter.

The biennial *Campanula pyramidalis* is a most adaptable plant, excellent for pot culture, and prospers in shade or sun. It seeds and establishes itself, sometimes in such unlikely spots as a gravel path or a brick wall. Under trees the individual flowers are generally larger and the spikes more graceful. For pots, seed should be sown in May or June, and the young plants kept in a cold frame through the winter. If given plenty of good nourishment they lose the rather sturdy growth which they have out of doors, and make several graceful spires five to eight feet long. So much effect is given from one pot that they are particularly useful for filling up gaps made by



Lobelia plants that have gone over, or for grouping where colour is and wanted. Down a Rose Pergola, for instance, one may be Pentstemon sunk at every post ; the green Rose sprays make a good background to their upright growth, and if the dead flowers are picked off they will flower from the end of July to the beginning of November.

*Lobelia cardinalis* and *L. fulgens* both flower the same year from seed sown early in heat, but they are really perennial, and should be stored in a cold frame through the Winter, and kept rather dry while they are at rest. *Lobelia fulgens*—or *splendens*—is the handsomer variety, as the foliage and stems are dark plum colour ; it is more delicate than *cardinalis*, being apt to die from disease in the Winter if not carefully looked after and all signs of rust cut away. When planted out in the early Summer they need a moist, leafy soil, and plenty of water. The stock can be increased by standing a few plants in heat early in the Spring and making cuttings of the young shoots, which will become good flowering plants the same year. Their handsome red spikes, set off by the dark leaves, are very effective, and are worth massing in beds by themselves, with Cannas and Castor Oil plants, or with plants of a cooler tone, such as Variegated Maize or *Hyacinthus Candicans*.

The Hybrid *Pentstemons* also make rich beds through the Autumn, the shape and setting of the flower-heads reminding one of Foxgloves. They are easily raised from seed sown in heat early in the year ; the young plants should be put out in May in a well-drained bed of good rich soil, and will flower well through the Summer and up to the end of November. We cannot rely on them here to stand the Winter ; those that



CYCLAMEN NEAPOLITANUM.

*NACINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



do are evergreen, make big bushes and flower much sooner September than the seedlings. Good varieties can be increased from Pentstemon cuttings made from the side shoots in September, struck in boxes of sandy soil, and kept in a cold frame through the Winter. Many of the new seedlings are beautiful, with large, well-opened flowers, running through shades from white to crimson, and including good pinks and cherry-reds with white throats. Some ugly magenta kinds are sure to appear, but they should be an exception and can be discarded. The finest of all the dark ones is called M. Millardet, and is a deep, glossy, Indian red.

There are other useful varieties of *Pentstemon*, such as *Barbatus*—called also *Chelone barbata*—with graceful long spikes of salmon-pink flowers, but much smaller individually than those of the Hybrids. *P. Newry Scarlet* is a small-flowered variety with a long trumpet, deep crimson-scarlet in colour, a profuse bloomer, and lasting until late in the Autumn; it is hardier than most kinds, and can be left in the open border through a not too severe Winter. One of the most charming of all is *P. heterophyllous*; the buds are pink on opening, and change as does a Forget-me-not to an exquisite shade of pale blue.

A plant nearly related to the Pentstemons, and like them in the form of the scarlet flower spike, is *Phygellus capensis*. It does well with us under a south wall, flowering till late Autumn, but in the borders it is not a success.

In the wood we have an effect which has almost the delight of a spring one—*Cyclamen Neapolitanum* are making shining clumps of white among the Ivy trails and the already falling leaves. These tiny, pure white flowers, with their

Cyclamen pointed petals and warm yellow stalks, have a peculiar charm of their own. They last five or six weeks, and then the leaves begin to appear growing up through the fading flowers and themselves lasting in beauty all through the Winter and Spring; they are light green, beautifully blotched and veined with grey. This *Cyclamen* has been established with us many years on its wood bank, and has now made large tubers, but growth is very slow to start with, and it does not seed itself like *Cyclamen Coum*, probably owing to the date of its flowering. We pick the ripened seed and raise young plants in a cold frame.

A complete contrast, in the way of woodland effect, is given by a mass of Tansy—*Tanacetum-vulgare*—and Aaron's Rod. They are both strong perennials, too coarse for many of the borders, but useful for filling some rough spot where colour is wanted. The yellow fluffy heads of the Aaron's Rod and the flat dead gold heads of the Tansy blend well together.

Virginia Creeper ought to be now wreathing its glowing trails over trees and bushes. Though so commonly seen as a house creeper, it is not enough used in the wild garden, where there are so many opportunities for its picturesque use. If one is trained to the top of an old Apple tree, and then allowed to fall naturally, it will soon convert it into a shower of scarlet and deep red, pierced only by bunches of round green fruit, and relieved by the cool lawn stretching below. Or it may be planted at a little distance from a Fir or Larch, and swung to some bough a good height up, making a scarlet garland. If a low effect is wanted, it looks well creeping over old tree roots, with *Clematis paniculata*—which is like *C. flammula*, but flowers earlier—or *Hydrangea scandens*, with its large apple-green leaves.



ANEMONE JAPONICA. AUTUMN CROCUS.  
ERIGERON MUCRONATUS.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*



In the grass, *Colchicum autumnale*, often called Autumn September. Crocus, should now be coming into flower. The common one Colchicum is a British plant, and a first-rate one for the wild garden as its natural home is a meadow; grass too makes the best setting for the fragile flowers which are quickly soiled in the borders, as their leaves do not appear till later. They may be had double or single, white or lilac-pink. There are other finer varieties, such as *Colchicum giganteum* and *speciosum*; the flowers of the former are very round and cup-shaped, and twice the size of the *C. autumnale*, but they are expensive for naturalising.

The real autumn Crocuses also begin to flower now, and bring even more pleasure and hope than the spring varieties, starting into fresh life when most plants are beginning to prepare for their winter rest. The illustration was painted from a lovely blue-purple one—*Crocus speciosus*—with veins of dark maroon spreading delicately over the petals, and uniting to make a dark stem. The stigma is very long, even the buds show a bright orange spot before they open. These Crocuses must be planted in June or July, as their foliage does not die down until the end of May; like the *Colchicums* they look best if grown in grass. There are a number of European varieties which should be introduced into the garden if possible, such as *C. nudiflorus*—very much the colour of *speciosus* but increasing very fast—and *pulchellus* and *longiflorus*, mauve with yellow throats.

Of the Japanese Anemones growing beside the Crocus too much can hardly be said as to their use and beauty at this season, either for effect in the borders or for picking. They may be had white, a lovely pale pink and a rather commoner full pink, and once established should be left undisturbed.

The little pink plant—*Erigeron mucronatus*—shown in



Erigeron front of the picture, and so often seen on the Riviera or the mucronatus, Italian lakes, is most valuable for edges, for covering ground

Dahlias where bulbs are planted, or in the rock garden, where it establishes itself even in a brick wall. It spreads into a round tuft about nine inches high, covered for five or six months with delicate pink and white Daisy-like flowers. A stock can be easily and quickly raised from seed.

Another good border plant is *Sedum spectabile*; the attraction it has for Red Admirals is its great delight—any sunny day this month a flight of these butterflies may be seen hovering round the flat pink flower-heads.

If skilfully grouped in the borders with several of the same colour together, a great effect can be obtained from Dahlias. Three or four tall pink kinds under a wall covered with the soft blue flowers of *Ceanothus*, Gloire de Versailles look particularly well; clumps of white and yellow may be placed near blue Monkshood, or white near some low bright orange plant, such as African Marigolds; or the bright salmon-red ones against such a dark foliage tree as the purple *Prunus Pissardii*. The Cactus varieties run through a fine range of colour, and are most valuable for picking. Some of the flaming reds and salmon-pinks are wonderful in their brilliance, and the more delicate tones—white tinged with sulphur, and all shades of yellow up to a rich deep gold—are equally useful. Dahlias have to be taken up in Autumn when frosts have cut them down, and must be stored in a dry place through the Winter. In May they should be planted out again, and need room and plenty of manure and water. They are most easily increased by cuttings; for this purpose pot them up in February and place in a warm frame; young shoots will be quickly thrown up, which should be struck



AMARYLLIS BELLADONNA AND ZEPHYRANTHES.

NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.



in bottom heat ; by May they will be strong enough to plant out, and make fine plants the same year. September.

There are a good many half hardy plants which add greatly to the beauty of the garden this month. *Amaryllis Belladonna* is one of the most charming—the illustration was painted from a group near a bush of lemon-scented *Verbena*. The safest place for these lovely Lilies is a sunny border in front of a greenhouse, but in many gardens the protection of a south wall is enough. They like a soil made of good loam, leaf mould and sand, and must not be allowed to get too dry in the Summer. The leaves appear early in the Spring, disappear about July, and all through September they push up their dark red flower stalks and unfold their heads of fruit-scented white and pale pink flowers, which get rosier with age. *Zephyranthes candida* growing alongside needs a warm corner too, and is a good neighbour with its pretty white crocus-like flowers and grassy green.

The African Lily—*Agapanthus umbellatus*—is lovely all through August and September—it lives out of doors with us under a south wall, but does not flower as well as those in tubs which are kept in the Orangery through the Winter and carried out of doors for the Summer. They are most effective used in this way on a terrace or along a stone balustrade, as the foliage is plentiful and of a rich dark green, showing up well the large blue umbels of flower. A beautiful group may be made with them and *Plumbago*, with its light graceful growth and paler blue flowers, their pots sunk in a bed or in the turf. The *Plumbagos* also spend the Winter in the Orangery, in June they are planted out, and if it is a fine Summer give quantities of flower through the Autumn. They combine well in the south

*Solanum jasminoides* border with the *Bignonia*, and its sprays of red-orange trumpet-shaped flowers on the wall, or would look well with *Auratum*s. These immense Lilies should be a feature now in the garden, but they refuse to grow even tolerably well with us. In a sandy or peaty soil they are magnificent, rearing their great heads of bloom among *Azaleas* and *Rhododendrons*, and lasting even till October, when the *Azaleas* have taken on their autumn shades of plum and russet and red which form such a perfect setting for the white richly-spotted flowers.

A lovely creeper which we cannot succeed in flowering well is *Solanum jasminoides*, but in the West of England I have seen many houses wreathed with its delicate leaves, and the hanging loose white bunches of tiny flowers, looking like some hot-house creeper.

Another climber for this time is the annual *Mina Lobata* with gay red and yellow flowers, produced in great profusion on a sunny wall.

All the bedding plants which need the protection of glass through the Winter are at their best now. The reaction against the formal use of these should never deprive a garden of such flowers as Heliotrope, the white and yellow French Daisies, Begonias, and a certain number of Geraniums. There are many places, especially near a house, where plants certain of giving colour through August, September and October are very valuable. Begonias are among those possessing a great range of colour—white, pink, yellow and red—in which all the tints harmonise, and mixed beds can safely be planted without fear of a clashing pink or magenta. They like shade, especially in the early morning, and lots of water. In wet Summers, when Geraniums lose all beauty, they get richer and richer in effect and last till severe frosts begin.

# OCTOBER

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun ;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the Vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells."

—John Keats.

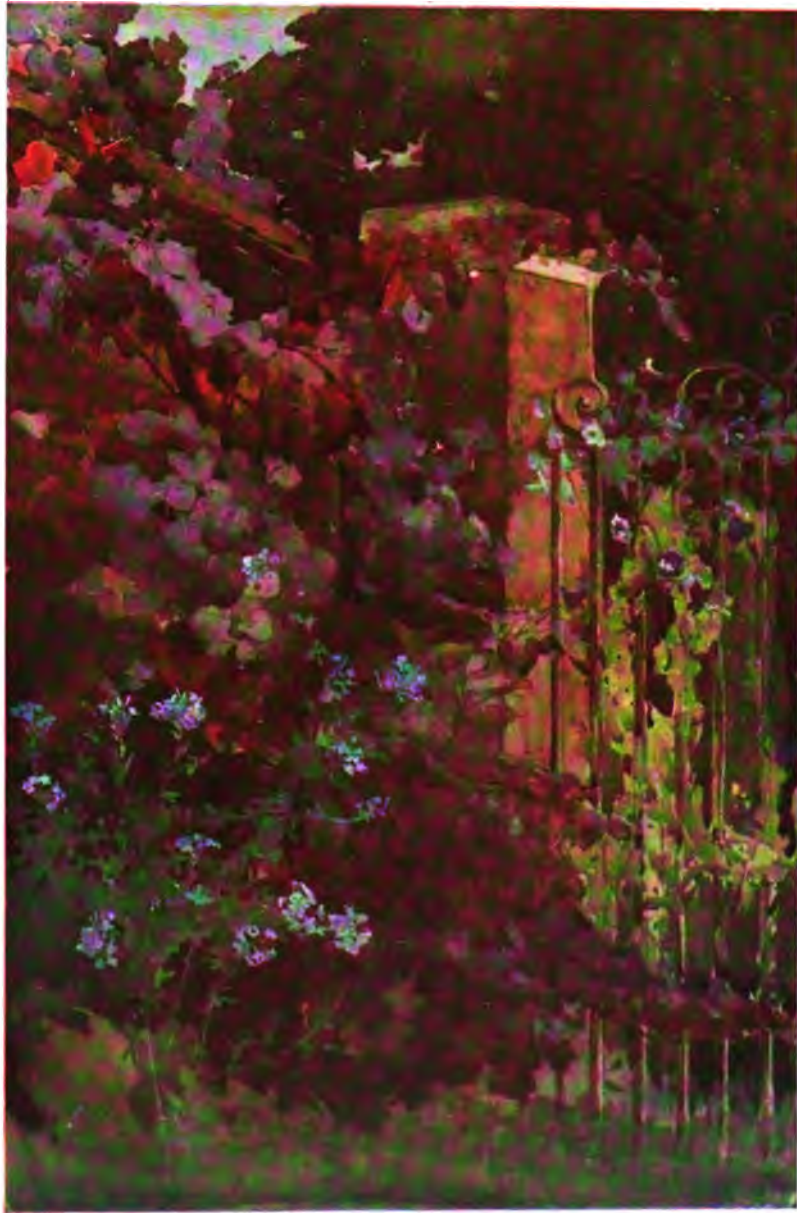
**A**LTHOUGH few trees are turned as yet, real autumn colour is appearing in the garden. Autumn colour

*Vitis purpurea* enriches its colour every day—the whole Vine is still a mysterious tint between plum and blue-green with a look of bloom spread over it, but many leaves are already purple, and some a brilliant scarlet; presently these bright tints become universal, and blend well with other richly coloured shrubs, such as *Rhus cotinus*—Sumach—and its many toned red leaves and smoke-like heads. Just now the Vine forms a wonderful background, as the picture shows, to plants of delicate colouring like Plumbago, or a pale Michaelmas Daisy. On the iron grill close by is *Cobæa scandens*, a half hardy perennial creeper with a very quick and charming growth. It will not withstand the Winter in this country, but may be treated as an annual, sown in heat during March, and planted out in June; directly the roots have hold, it

Cobœa begins to race up pillar or wall. Most of all it seems to prefer scandens a light sunny trellis; on the lightest of supports—string stretched from post to post—a green veil will soon be formed with numbers of pale erect buds; as these expand they turn down their trumpet-shaped flowers, which appear first cream, then mauve, and lastly a full purple, and are lovely in form and colour at all their stages. It lasts till cut off by frost, often being still beautiful the end of November and beginning of December.

*Vitis Coignetia* and *V. Thunbergii* from China and Japan have not yet taken on their most brilliant tints. Both are very strong growers, and have very large leathery bright green leaves, which in Autumn turn red, orange and yellow. *Thunbergii* is the richest in colour of the two, but a little less vigorous. A very charming, but much smaller Vine both in foliage and growth is *Vitis heterophylla humulifolia*—the bunches of turquoise blue berries form its great delight; to get their full colour they must have plenty of sun and the warmth of a wall.

Vines are first-rate for covering pergolas, as they keep well clothed to the bottom, and the colour of the leaves is much heightened when seen with the light through them against the sky. If the pergola winds through a shrubbery, or near trees, the long trails should be allowed to tumble naturally, or branches may be led up into the trees. I have seen *Coignetia* spreading in this way from the top of a pergola into a neighbouring Yew tree—the dark evergreen making a beautiful setting for the magnificent foliage either in its light green summer dress, or decked in its autumn hues. Two other very different pictures are in my remembrance; one where it was trained on a low terrace-wall, as foreground to purple and brown moor, with boughs of a strong, late blooming yellow Rose, resembling



VINE. PLUMBAGO. COBÆA SCANDENS.

*NACKINGTON, CANTERBURY.*





Bouquet d'Or, held well above it; in the other, covering the October. upright supports of an old barn, and led thence on to the roof Chrysanthemum supported by a rough wooden trellis. The uses for these large themum Vines are many and diverse—if given loam and plenty of manure they can be counted on for rapid growth.

Throughout September and October and the early part of November, outdoor Chrysanthemums are in beauty, and most useful and easy to grow. In some soils they stand the Winter well, but a long spell of cold damp often kills them; it is desirable therefore to take up some plants of all varieties, store them for the Winter in boxes in a cold frame or outhouse, and divide them when replanting in the Spring; or cuttings can be made in the Autumn and grown on through the Winter.

One border is now gay with clumps of cream-white Madame Desgranges, a bright violet Michaelmas Daisy and the great white *Pyrethrum uliginosum*, with its bunches of large Daisy-like flowers. Rycroft Glory blooms in the same border a little later, and lasts till the end of November, blending well with the golds and yellows of the trees in their autumn dress. The single white Mary Anderson with just the faintest touch of pink also does well, but all the singles, though so pretty, are less useful, being easily spoilt by bad weather.

There are a number of kinds worth growing if space can be given them in an open sunny border. The following are some of the best:—

<i>Pink.</i>	Rycroft Beauty	}	Both good bright colours.
	Goachers Pink		
	Madame Auguste Nonin—pretty mauve pink.		
	Mademoiselle E. Poirette—pale, particularly pretty colour at night.		

Pompon Chrysan- themums	<i>White.</i>	Esperance—green-white with a good-sized flower.
		White Quintus—one of the best and very free flowering.
		Fiancée—large flower and good stiff upright growth.
	<i>Yellow.</i>	Jenny—orange-gold.
		Frankie—orange brown.
		Paul Valade—dead gold with good loose flowers.
		Plentiful—small yellow.
		Orange Masse—rose orange, beautiful colour.
		Orange Child                    }
		Mytchett Beauty                } warm yellow.
	<i>Red.</i>	Madame de Sabatier—large flower of good deep soft tone.
		Crimson Pride.

Many of the cottage gardens about us are gay for several months with Pompon Chrysanthemums, and seem often to have taller and better kinds than can be procured from a nurseryman. The nearer one gets to the sea the better they seem to do. White, crimson, yellow and terra-cotta are generally grown, all making good bushes four or five feet high and crowded with flowers. Some of the best-named sorts are:—

W. Holmes—terra-cotta.  
 William Westlake—yellow.  
 Mademoiselle Marthe—white.  
 Black Douglas—fine dark red.  
 Mademoiselle Elise Dordain—pale pink.  
 White St Crouts—showing a yellow centre.  
 Crimson Precosite—good bright colour.



BOCCONIA AND MICHAELMAS DAISIES.

*THE HOLT, HARROW, WEALD.*



White Lady—very pretty, turning blush-pink before it fades. October.

Perhaps the most useful of all autumn flowers are the Michaelmas Daisies; they should be used freely in the wild garden, and in borders, in large groups by themselves or mixed with strong-growing perennials. The sketch shows some well-placed clumps of a tall loose variety and a low dense one, in front of *Bocconia cordata*. The cool grey-green leaves of this plant and the handsome spikes of seed vessels, six or seven feet high, and tawny-gold in the sunlight, make a delightful background.

Early  
Michaelmas  
Daisy effects

The variation in their heights, sizes and colours, and the different dates of flowering, must all be carefully considered when planting. Some open in August, others not till November, when nearly all flowers have disappeared; new seedlings are constantly being raised, so that it is difficult to choose among the number of names. *Aster amellus* is very early, and bears large and very bright violet flowers; the bush only grows about two feet high, and is so sturdy it needs no staking. In September *A. Acris* and *A. Bessarabicus*, low growing kinds bearing a multitude of flowers, will make a sheet of mauve, and with Monthly Roses I have seen them making a delightful foreground to a distant view. F. W. Burbidge, a tall strong growing one producing large heads of bloom on erect stalks, is excellent for picking or effect, the flowers are mauve and the buds rose-pink, giving a warm tone to the whole bush. The two small white kinds, *Multiflorus* and *Niveus* both blend well with it.

For October several good effects might be planned. If room allows, it is delightful to be able to devote a good sized piece of ground to Michaelmas Daisies alone; some rather out-

Michaelmas of-the-way corner, too sunless for many flowers, will suit them quite well, where they can remain unnoticed till they become a feathery mass of white, mauve and purple. In planting for such an effect, it is very important to know the heights of each variety, so as to be sure of not swamping some altogether, and yet to give a varied outline, bringing some tall sorts near the front of the bed and some to break the edge with their graceful sprays. Their soft colouring would be well thrown out by Hollies or Yews, or they may be given a background of warmer tone, formed of shrubs that turn a golden brown or deep soft purple in Autumn. The varieties given in the following list will be found to make an effective group:—

Robert Parker—tall good-sized mauve flower making a large, well-divided head.

Margaret—a blue-mauve, very tall.

Harper Crewe—tall white flowers smaller than the above and set in a close head.

*Aster puniceus pulcherrimus*—very tall with large flowers of the palest lilac.

Top Sawyer—a large tall mauve one.

*Candida*—good tall white one.

*Cordifolia elegans*—with a very branching growth, dark stems, and a multitude of tiny mauve flowers.

*Cordifolia elegans grandis*—much the same as above, only finer. Both these sorts are excellent for picking and very graceful.

*Ericoides*—a low white, with sprays of tiny flowers.

*Viminius*—similar to *Ericoides*, but with longer and very graceful sprays.

For forming a border of graduated heights, *Amellus Bessa*—

*rabicus*—growing only about two feet high, and the later purple *October. Grandiflorus* are suitable for the front row: *Multiflorus* and *Flora* white, Bouman and *Ametbystinus*, purple and mauve, might form a second row: Robert Parker, Harper Crewe, and two plants strongly resembling Michaelmas Daisies—the tall white *Pyrethrum uliginosum* and *Boltonia asteroides*, with soft grey-green leaves, would make a third taller row at the back.

Culture and  
Staking

It is surprising what a delightful mass of colour an arrangement like this will give, but it will look too stiff if not carefully broken in some way with taller growing plants. A circle of Rose arches cutting the long straight lines with their green wreaths, and allowing a further vista of the lilac and purple bank to be seen, completes the picture very well.

The big Daisy-like *Pyrethrum*, already mentioned, is a most robust grower, increasing almost too fast for the border, but very useful for massing. In a friend's garden I have seen a delightful cool green and white glade made with an unbroken line of the white bushes one side of a grass path, and Nut trees the other.

To get the best results all the Michaelmas Daisies must be divided about every second year or else the middle of the clump gets exhausted. Many of the kinds need great care in staking; the simplest way to support them is on pea-sticks, which avoids all risks of their being tied into unsightly bundles. If properly staked the result is even better, but to get a well-shaped bush this means using from ten to twenty light sticks for every plant.

There are many rich-coloured plants intensifying the glory of the trees, to form a contrast to these cool Autumn effects just described, and many delicate harmonies which may be planned between flowers and shrubs of soft warm tones. Most of the



Some following suggestions are taken from a garden at Harrow Weald, Autumn and many more will be found in the Winter article which follows. effects

*Helenium striatum*, with its yellow flowers splashed with red is uninteresting as a single plant in a border, but massed near a purple Filbert or Prunus the effect is magnificent—or a calmer colour scheme is given by grouping it with pale Michaelmas Daisies against a background of green and white plants.

Salvias both blue and red are most useful at this time. *S. patens*, the deep Gentian blue one, looks well in a clump against the handsome foliage and white flowers of *Nicotiana sylvestris*. *S. Pitcheri* is of a softer, more lovely blue than the above with sprays of small flowers—it blooms rather late for the garden but can be potted up and grown on in the greenhouse. There are several red kinds, such as *S. coccinea* and *splendens* well worth having; I am uncertain of the name of the one we grow but it makes good bushes three feet high and gives a glowing mass of colour till late in November. The flower spike is of two distinct reds, crimson and scarlet, which adds very much to the richness of the effect.

The flower spikes of *Hydrangea paniculata* are now a soft flesh pink, and look well thrown out by *Berberis purpurea*—the colour of a purple plum with the bloom on—and above these might be the bright scarlet of *Quercus coccinea superba*. This Oak keeps its brilliant foliage till February, the commoner *Quercus coccinea* is never so brilliant, and is over much more quickly.

*Prunus sinensis* which bears in Spring clusters of double white or rose coloured flowers, is now a wonderful soft copper pink almost impossible to describe, and delightful standing by itself relieved only by stretches of lawn.



OLIVE AND ROSES.

*BORDIGHERA.*



The old-fashioned *Fuchsia* used so frequently in Ireland for hedges makes a glowing mass of red, intensified in tone if given a background of dark Yews and something soft in colour as a foreground, such as the streaked green and white ribbon grass. A group so arranged in this Harrow garden is doing well, quite in the shade of tall trees and close by is another quieter but lovely bit of colour. At the edge of a tiny pond grows a fine plant of *Gunnera manicata*, the gigantic leaves—which in a warm moist climate are sometimes seven or eight feet across—still bright green, their magnificent form shown up by the brilliant copper yellow of Beech leaves on trees and ground. Japanese Maples, mentioned elsewhere, are magnificent grouped with Pampas grass, with space left around them to show their form.

October.  
Some  
Autumn  
effects

Some good shrubs are growing well in clearings in the same wood. *Abelia rupestris* with its clusters of tiny flowers of the palest pink, delicate but very useful coming into flower at this time. *Skimmia Fortunei*, with very bright green foliage and clusters of vermilion berries. It makes rather a stiff bush, but is not particular about soil and will grow under trees. *Pernettyas*, ten or twelve of these shrubs will make a striking bit of colour: the berries, which are produced in great profusion, vary from pale pink to crimson, and hang in bunches along the graceful stems.

Many of the *Berberis* turn the most brilliant colours in the Autumn, especially *Thunbergii*, the whole bush becoming a blaze of rosy scarlet and orange. The sketch done at Bordighera in early Spring when the Roses are all making their fresh brown red shoots, shows how brilliant an effect leaves alone can give. The vividness of the colour here was due a great deal to the

Autumn effect of light, the sun being low and shining through the leaves, effects but many shrubs bear as brilliant colour on their leaves, and should be more used to give beauty of this kind.

Medlars turn to wonderful shades of red, russet, and purple making a beautiful background to many flowers, and few rare shrubs excel in colour the common wild Cherry with its shades of rose and orange and yellow. In Mrs Boyle's garden at Huntercombe a delightful late autumn effect was given with a tangle of *Clematis-flammula* shown up by the vivid copper tones of a big Beech, while under the Clematis were clumps of big Winter Cherry—*Physalis Francheti*—making a mass of brilliant orange-red and yellow.

Many of our hedgerows are full of suggestion and beauty at this time: Spindlewood is plentiful here covered with its profusion of lovely deep rose-pink berries, disclosing as they open the orange seeds within: growing with the Spindlewood are sometimes to be seen masses of ripe Rose-hips and large bunches of shining black Privet berries which set off both pink and red.

# WINTER

*"I, singularly moved  
To love the lovely that are not beloved,  
Of all the Seasons, most  
Love Winter, and to trace  
The sense of the Trophonian pallor on her face.  
It is not death, but plenitude of peace ;  
And the dim cloud that does the world enfold  
Hath less the characters of dark and cold  
Than warmth and light asleep,  
And correspondent breathing seems to keep  
With the infant harvest, breathing soft below  
Its eider coverlet of snow.  
Nor is in field or garden anything  
But, duly look'd into, contains serene  
The substance of things hoped for, in the Spring,  
And evidence of Summer not yet seen."  
—Coventry Patmore.*



## PLANTING FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER EFFECT<sup>1</sup>

CONSIDERING how many people in England spend the Autumn and Winter in their country homes, and the Spring and Summer in London, it is curious that more pains are not taken to plant trees and shrubs which are at their best during the later season of the year. I propose in this paper to make some suggestions as to plants suitable for this purpose, and as to the way in which they should be treated. It is quite a mistake to suppose that to get good winter-colouring it is necessary to obtain rare and expensive or delicate specimens; some of the finest effects can be produced by quite cheap and common stuff if properly handled. For instance, among trees, no finer contrast of coloured stems exists than that between Scotch Firs, when they have reached a certain age and lost their lower boughs, and Silver Birches, if they are intermingled, and the latter are pruned up to a height of some 12 or 15 feet. Again, among shrubs, the common Snowberry (*Symphoricarpos racemosus*), which generally occurs in neglected shrubberies as an unpleasing half-starved weed, if the suckers are collected and planted in a solid mass in open ground, with nothing over them to obstruct the light and air, and if in the spring, when the sap is rising and the first sign of foliage peeps out, they are cut down level with the soil, so that nothing is visible, they will produce an appearance hardly recognisable by those who are only accustomed to them under ordinary conditions. They make a compact growth during the year of 2 feet

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society.



Massing of 6 inches to 3 feet, are covered with their delicate pink flowers  
Shrubs for in the Summer, and in the Autumn are set all over with the  
effect white fruit-balls, which last until the birds have eaten them.

This plan of cutting down to the ground in the Spring is requisite, or at least highly desirable, with many other subjects to which I shall refer later, where winter-colouring is sought for. I have often found it very difficult to persuade gardeners (whether amateur or professional) to carry out my recommendation in this particular with regard to such things as *Spiræa Douglasii* or *Cornus sanguinea*, and even when they have promised to do so, I have found that they have not been able to harden their hearts, and at the last moment have adopted the half-measure of cutting the plants a foot from the ground. This has the result of showing in Winter a stiff uniform artificial line through the bed with bright colouring above the line and dull below. It should be borne in mind that it is invariably in the young wood that the most vivid colour is procurable.

What is really wanted to show autumn and winter-colouring to full advantage is that the planting should be in groups and masses of the same species, and though this can be more completely carried out in large places, yet it can be done much more than it is at present in gardens of every size.

It is only of late years that it has been realised that Roses and herbaceous plants look far better when the same variety is massed together, and before long, gardeners will recognise the advantage of treating shrubs in the same fashion so as to develop the full beauty, whether of their flowers, foliage, or wood. I will now mention in detail some plants which, owing to their cheapness and hardiness, are suitable for planting in quantity and whose foliage turns a fine colour in Autumn.

*Pyrus arbutifolia* or *Aronia floribunda* can be bought from some of the wholesale nurserymen at a very small price per hundred. It is a vigorous grower, and after it has been planted twelve months it should be cut down, when it will shoot up again freely and make good compact bushes, which are profusely covered with sweet-scented white flowers, and later with small black fruit. In the Autumn the leaves turn a bright clear red, and remain in that state from ten days to a fortnight, according to the weather.

Winter.  
Hardy  
cheap  
Shrubs

*Euonymus europæus*, or common Spindlewood, treated in the same fashion, that is to say cut down in the Spring when it gets at all leggy and bare below, will make a fine free-growing bed of rich green colour, covered in its season with rosy-pink seed-cases, and will require no care or attention except weeding while the plants are young.

*Rosa rubrifolia*.—This is very seldom grown in England, nor does it, I think, figure generally in the nurserymen's catalogues here, but it is largely used on the Continent for hedges, and can be bought anywhere in France or Germany, strong plants at 6d. a piece, with of course a reduction if bought in any quantity. It grows fast, and, if pegged down, makes a very showy bed. The flower is a pretty pink, though insignificant, but the fruit is showy, and both wood and leaf are of a soft downy plum-colour. If planted near a mass of Golden Elder or Golden *Symphoricarpos*, the effect is brilliant and pleasing.

*Rosa rugosa*, the Japanese Rose, is, of course, well known, and the wealth of odorous flower, especially of the white variety, is not to be despised; but the fine haws through August and September are its chief merit, being large, abundant, and showy. The rough hirsute stems, too, show up well when the leaf is

Hardy off; moreover, it has the advantage of being cheap and reproducing itself readily by suckers. It requires no treatment except cheap the knifing back of the strong shoots in the Spring.

*Leycesteria formosa*, a very old-fashioned and meritorious shrub now too little planted. The white Jasmin-like flowers, backed up by the warm Bougainvillæa-like bracts, followed again immediately behind by the small black cherry-like fruit, without stalk, mark it out to anyone who has a seeing eye, and, coming late in August, are very welcome. It is sub-evergreen, and a rampant grower where the frosts are not too hard on it. It stands the knife perfectly, and can be pruned back in Spring as severely as is thought desirable. The bright green of the large hollow stems makes it useful in Winter.

*Kerria japonica* var.—Its habit is quite different from the common green type, as it is compact and bushy, the effect in a mass of its delicate silver foliage is excellent, being soft and not the least garish, it has the additional virtue of doing comparatively well under the shade of trees, and it holds its leaf until Winter is well advanced, when the green stems show up almost as bright as the *Leycesteria*.

*Fuchsia Riccartoni* is a profuse autumn flowerer, and although anywhere north of London it dies down to the ground, however mild the Winter, yet the clear dark-brown wood looks very pretty until the time comes for it to be cut away for the new growth. I have never known the roots to be killed however severe the season.

Among the Bamboos, *Arundinaria japonica* syn. *Bambusa Metake* is the only one which is at once cheap, hardy, and indifferent as to soil and situation, provided it be not too much exposed to wind. Though it enjoys the vicinity of water, it

does not insist on it, and its foliage is at the best in Autumn and Winter. Winter; in fact the only time when it looks shabby is after a course of easterly winds in Spring. It sends up suckers very freely, and in some shrubberies it has a tendency to become a nuisance on this account, like the *Polygonum*. One fault it has in common with all Bamboos, that occasionally (though fortunately not often) it produces flowers something like dirty-looking Oats, and when it flowers it dies. I do not remember observing this phenomenon before last year, when in my father's garden at Aldenham, Herts, we lost a large mass of *Metake* about 15 feet high by 20 feet round, and about fifteen years old, from this cause. It flowered all over, not merely on the strong canes but on every tiny shoot, and this year every particle is stone-dead, nor has it, as I hoped it might, shot up again from the roots.

This Summer also I have, to my grief, detected *Phyllostachys Castillonis* and another rare Bamboo in flower, so I fear that I shall lose them too, although I have tried the experiment of at once cutting them to the ground in hopes that I may be in time before the exhaustion caused by flowering has reached a fatal point.

The Sea Buckthorn (*Hippophae rhamnoides*) looks very well in Autumn if planted in a mass, but being dioecious it is necessary to have male plants intermingled in the proportion of about one to six; when this is done the females berry profusely and the bright orange fruit contrasts admirably with the silver-grey foliage, having also the advantage, from the gardener's point of view, of being unpalatable to birds. It is often supposed that this plant requires sea air, but though the seaside is its home it will do perfectly well inland, and on soils so diverse as chalk and London clay.

**Shrubs for** Perhaps one of the most effective masses of autumn  
**Autumn** colouring can be produced by collecting a lot of suckers or  
**Colour** young plants of the common Stag-horned Sumach (*Rhus typhina*) and treating it precisely as I have suggested earlier in this paper in the case of the common Snowberry. The ordinary sticky, leggy appearance of the plant is avoided, and by summer time you have a dense level sheet of semi-tropical looking foliage, 2 feet 6 inches to 3 feet high, which attracts universal attention in September by the brilliance of its red and orange tints.

*Rhus glabra laciniata* colours equally well and has a more elegant form, but it is far less vigorous, and more expensive.

Among late-flowering trees and shrubs I can recommend *Robinia neo-mexicana* (pale violet); *Olearia Haastii* (white); *Spartium junceum* (rich yellow), a very suitable flower for table decorations; *Desmodium penduliflorum* syn. *Lespedeza Sieboldi* (dark violet); *Hibiscus* of sorts, particularly the single white (*totus albus*); *Rubus fruticosus fl. pl. roseo*, a free double-flowering Bramble with pompons of light pink; *Colletia spinosa* (white), covered with Lilac-like blooms in mid-September; *Ceanothus americanus* (white), a very free flowerer; also the light blue deciduous variety, as to the proper name of which I am not certain; and latest of all, not flowering till September, *Caryopteris Mastacanthus* (Heliotrope blue), which is one of the Sage family.

Besides the above plants which I have suggested as producing a good autumn effect when planted in groups, I would recommend the following as suitable for single specimens: *Taxodium distichum*, or the deciduous Cypress, prefers the neighbourhood of water, but will do quite well without, and

develops at the fall of the year a bright rust-colour which is very Winter.  
conspicuous. The weeping form is also distinct and beautiful. Trees for  
*Photinia villosa*, a deciduous form, is a small, erect-growing Colour effect  
tree, not unlike a *Pyrus* in appearance, whose autumn colouring  
is amber and orange; it is very rarely seen in English gardens,  
but quite worth growing, though it does not appear to be of  
very vigorous constitution. I obtained our specimens from my  
neighbour, Mr Cutbush, at Barnet. *Liquidambar styraciflua*  
is perhaps too well known for description. It prefers a lightish  
soil, is rather troublesome to start, but when once established  
grows rapidly. The change of foliage varies very much on  
different specimens from red and orange to purple and green, but  
it is almost always beautiful.

The Maple class is too large to deal with in a paper of this  
description, but their reputation for gorgeous foliage is well  
established in America, and though perhaps not so resplendent  
in this country, there is hardly one of them which is without  
merit when the leaves begin to colour. The true Sugar Maple  
(*Acer saccharinum*) is a hardy free grower and one of the  
cheapest and most effective of its genus.

*Disanthus cercidifolia*.—I have known this only for two  
or three years, and cannot speak as to its constitution or special  
characteristics, but the quality of its autumn foliage is undoubted,  
the tender green circular leaves turning to a beautiful uniform  
rosy-pink.

*Parrotia persica*, a medium-sized tree, and like the  
*Disanthus* a member of the *Hamamelis* order, takes on a fine  
autumn colouring in which purple and orange predominate. It  
is quite hardy.

*Enkianthus japonicus* and *Stuartia pseudo Camellia* are

Trees for two plants seldom seen in England, of which the dying leaves  
Colour effect become deep red.

All the American Oaks are more or less effective at this season of the year ; but far the best of them in my judgment, both for brilliance and for the length of time during which it retains its clear crimson colour is Anthony Waterer's variety of *Quercus coccinea*.

The Amelanchiers, or Snowy Mespilus, are equally valuable for their blossom in Spring and their foliage in Autumn. The three best with which I am acquainted are *A. canadensis*, *A. oligocarpa*, and *A. asiatica*.

I have found *Rubus fruticosus fol. var.* a general favourite when grown as a creeper on a pole. About the second week in September, when part of the fruit has ripened, the presence of the four colours, black and red in berry, and silver and green in leaf, all clearly defined, produce a unique effect.

Within the limits of this paper I cannot deal at length with autumn fruits from a decorative standpoint, but I may just mention in passing *Pyrus Malus* "Ringo," *P.M.* "Beauty of Montreal," *P.M. fructu luteo*, and *P.M.* "John Downie" as four of the best crab-apples.

Many of the Vines look well in September, such as *Vitis Thunbergii* and the large-leaved *V. Coignetia*, if grown on larch poles and dotted about in the shrubberies, but none surpass the old-fashioned *V. Vinifera purpurea* (often known as the Claret-leaved Grape) which is hardy, free-growing, and inexpensive.

*Rbus Toxicodendron*, the Poison Sumach, can be grown either as a creeper or bush, and is one of the most gorgeous in foliage at the fall of the year. The colour is that of a glorified Virginia creeper, orange-scarlet and vivid green intermingled.

The highly poisonous character of its sap is its chief drawback, which prevents many from planting it, although we have grown it for the last twenty years without experiencing any ill effects.

Winter.  
Further  
Shrub  
effects

*Euonymus europæus latifolius* and *E. alatus americanus* are the two finest forms of the common deciduous spindlewood, and are deserving of a place in every garden, the first (which can be procured either as a shrub or standard) on account of its bold red seed-cases, shaped something like a biretta, and the second because the leaves turn a clear uniform rosy-red. They make strong bushes.

*Cercidiphyllum japonicum* looks like a refined pyramidal form of Judas tree, and though not, I think, very hardy, and suffering from spring frosts, is worth growing for the shape and soft red autumn colour of the leaves.

*Vaccinium corymbosum*, the most showy variant of its class, and *Fothergilla alnifolia* are somewhat rare plants which colour well, and both thrive better where the soil is peaty.

*Spiræa ulmifolia* and *S. Fortunei superba* are two of the best of this large class; in Autumn, in the case of the first the leaves change to a deep plum colour, and in that of the second they are varied and brilliant in tone.

For the same reasons *Berberis Thunbergii*, *Cerasus vulgaris*, and *Rhus Cotinus* should not be neglected, but they are too well known to need further recommendation. I would only add a warning that the last is not very patient of the knife, and should be but lightly pruned, and that only in Spring, just as the sap is rising.

I will conclude this branch of my paper with mentioning *Idesia polycarpa*. It belongs to a rare order, the *Bixinceæ*, and



Coloured thrives well in a strong soil; its large light green leaves and Stems bright red petioles give it a decidedly taking appearance.

For brilliance of winter colouring of the wood or twigs, nothing can surpass *Cornus sanguinea* or Scarlet Dogwood if planted in quantity and treated as recommended for *Symphoricarpos*. In Summer it has no special merit, but from the moment the leaves begin to turn, it steadily improves in colour until the sap is thoroughly down, and then on a bright frosty day the hundreds of canes some 4 to 5 feet long glow in the Winter's sun like a pigeon's blood ruby. The silver variegated form has greatly the advantage in Summer, but it is, comparatively speaking, a weakly grower, and does not make half the show in Winter. I may mention here that we have succeeded lately in fixing a bold yellow variegated sport which appeared on one of our plants of *C. sanguinea* at Aldenham. It gives promise of being just as vigorous as the type, and ought to prove a valuable addition to the garden.

*Cornus flaviramea*.—I have had this only two or three years, having bought it from Späth in Berlin. At present it is rare in England, but need not remain so, for it strikes very readily from cuttings. It is similar in vigour and habit to the preceding, but has, as its name imports, bright yellow instead of scarlet bark in Winter. It will, I think, prove a desirable acquisition.

*Cornus sanguinea atro-sanguinea*.—This is a somewhat improved form which was recently introduced by Veitch of Chelsea and though at first it showed a disposition to revert to the type, now that the variant is thoroughly fixed it is worth growing as a single specimen by those who care for this interesting and diversified order of plants.

*Sambucus nigra aurea*, the Golden Elder, is too garish Winter. when seen close, and when too freely used, as is often the case Coloured in small villa gardens, approaches nearly to a disfigurement; Stems but when planted at the water-side the reflection is very brilliant. The right way to use it is to mass it where it can be seen from a distance, and to cut it also clean down every Spring. The canes, which grow to about the same height as *Cornus sanguinea*, are then in Winter of a uniform very light grey, and contrast admirably with any adjoining dark evergreen mass such as *Cotoneaster Simonsii*.

*Forsythia suspensa* is fast in growth and graceful in habit, but wants plenty of room. The long waving pendulous shoots are covered with yellow bloom in early Spring, and show up with a clear brown colour in Winter.

The canes of *Rubus odoratus roseus* have much the same colour as those of the common Raspberry, but it has the advantage of a handsomer leaf and a more decorative compact habit. Moreover, the bloom is very nearly as good as *R. nobilis*, the charms of which I see my friend, Sir Herbert Maxwell, has been vaunting. It has the additional advantage where quantity is required of reproducing itself very freely from suckers. It should be lightly pruned and the dead canes removed in Spring.

*Rubus phanicolasius*, or Japanese Wineberry, is one of the best of the Brambles in Autumn and Winter. It has much the same habit as the common Blackberry, is perfectly robust, and sends up a fair amount of young plants. The scarlet fruits, with their rust-coloured sheaths and the stout hirsute lake-red canes, all join to make it a valuable addition to a wild garden. *R. biflorus* is generally treated as synonymous with *R.*

Shrubs, *leucodermis*, which is in fact distinct from it, and has a creeping habit like a Blackberry, whereas the former has upright canes like a Raspberry, and is most showy in Winter, when it presents the curious and distinct effect of having been washed all over with lime white. In the cold, stiff clay soil to which I am accustomed it does not, however, appear to be over hardy or vigorous.

*Spiraea Douglasii*, of which *S. bella* is a somewhat improved form, grows with us like a weed, and reproduces itself by the hundred. I used to look upon it as barely worth growing until it was massed and cut down every Spring; now the beds are quite a sight. They are about 2 feet 6 inches high and perfectly solid, a sheet of flower in August, rather later than if the plants had not been cut, and a couple of months later the fine straightish canes will all turn to the tone of the clearest hazel-nut.

*Spiraea callosa*, though somewhat more expensive to plant in mass, is very fine if treated in the same fashion. The flowering is improved rather than injured by the treatment, and the canes, though of the same colour when bare as the last named, are much stouter, of looser habit, and bolder and more varied in growth.

*Spiraea canescens* or *S. hypericifolia* look well at all times of the year, and however dealt with, they make large graceful shrubs of pendulous habit, covered with small clear white bloom, or if cut down and massed they grow thickly about 18 inches high, and the tiny refined leaves are always admired, while the bright dark wood make them conspicuous in the dead of the year.

*Berberis vulgaris purpurea*.—The handsome foliage of this shrub is well known, but it has a tendency to get leggy, carrying few or no leaves within 2 or 3 feet of the ground. A couple of years ago I tried the experiment of cutting down a

fairly large bed in the Spring, with the result that we had a very Winter. fine show of plum-coloured stems in the following Winter; but Willows this rich purple is entirely confined to the young wood.

*Populus canadensis aurea*.—A showy bed can be produced by cuttings of this free-growing plant if cut down each Spring, and it has the merit of being at its best in September, when the Golden Elder and other shrubs of like foliage have lost their brilliance. Moreover, the yellow wood retains its tone for some time after the leaf has gone.

*Paulownia imperialis*.—The expense of buying this in quantity has deterred me from making a bed of it and keeping it cut down, but the good result of doing so can be seen at Kew, where they have the nation's purse in which to dip their hands.

*Deutzia crenata fl. pl.*—In the case of this well-known shrub, I have also been prevented from taking a similar course, but for a different reason, namely, that it hardly grows with sufficient vigour on our heavy clay, but in a lighter soil I am convinced it would be a success, for, as in nearly all plants, the full beauty of the light brown ragged bark is confined to the season's growth.

*Ailanthus glandulosa*.—In many places I have seen this tree sending up suckers freely over a wide circumference round the parent stem; and in such cases it would be well worth while to collect them and form a bed treated as I have described in the cases of *Rhus typhina*, *Symphoricarpos*, &c. By so doing, that which hitherto has been a nuisance could be converted into an ornament.

Next to the *Cornus* there is nothing that looks brighter in bark and stem than the young growth of Willows. I have been collecting these for some years, and I do not think I can do

Varieties of better than give you the benefit of my experience by making Willow a short list of those which I consider most striking among the many varieties that exist; several of them are easily obtainable in England, and others I have got from Herr R. Larche, Baumschulen, Muskau, Silesia, who possesses a fine collection of forest trees. They are as follows:—

- Salix grandifolia moschata* (black).
- „ *daphnoides* (chalky grey), one of the very best.
- „ *uralensis* (dark).
- „ *laurina* (dark plum).
- „ *cardinalis* (bright red).
- „ *alba britzensis* (scarlet).
- „ *incana* (rich brown).
- „ “Jaune des Ardennes” (yellow).
- „ *alba vitellina* (yellow).

Owing to the length to which this paper has already run, I have confined myself to the colour of the woods and not attempted to describe the foliage of the above varieties, which often differs materially and adds to the charm.

While on this subject, although not strictly germane to the matter in hand, I cannot resist mentioning *Salix annularis*, which may be unknown to some of you, and which presents one of Nature's most curious “freaks” in the way of leaf-production.

Willows naturally are found, and look more at home by the riverside, but I have observed that they do perfectly on high ground far removed from water; at any rate, that is the case on a strong soil.

*Colutea arborescens* (Bladder Senna) forms a cheap and free-growing bed. It stands annual cutting-down well, and the greyish-green bark with whitish stripes, as well as the large

seed-cases from which it takes its popular name, alike distinguish Winter. it in Winter from all its surroundings. It requires protection Seaside from ground game. Shrubs

*Corylus Avellana purpurea* is certainly at its best when the leaf is on, but, like all Hazels, it stands the knife so well, and the darkness of the young wood is so conspicuous, that it should not be overlooked when planting for Winter effect. The plants will not require annual cutting-down, but only when they begin to show too much wood.

*Lycium chinense*.—This will grow anywhere, including London and the seaside, and has a good appearance in Winter when planted above an embankment wall or parapet, so that its very long, trailing branches can be seen to advantage. Its violet flowers make up in number and continuance for lack of size; the fruit is scarlet. It is sometimes absurdly called Tea tree, though it has no relation whatever to the Theas, Camellias, &c. The name arose owing to the labels on a *Thea sinensis* and a *Lycium* which had been imported by a Duke of Argyll having been transposed in error. However, the dog having once got a bad name, there is no stopping it any more than in the case of the so-called Mountain Ash, which, of course, is no *Fraxinus* at all but one of the *Rosaceæ*.

*Tamarix japonica* is another of the few plants which enjoy sea breezes but are happy away from them. The effect of annual cutting-down on a large scale can be well seen at Eastbourne; when not so treated it is apt to look mangy and ragged. The pink flower is most pleasing in September; the young wood colours well, and the feathery foliage is so distinct as to make it well worth growing inland for the purpose of contrast with such types as *Laurus nobilis* or *Arbutus Unedo*.

Autumn I may remark here that the careful juxtaposition of plants which Foliage differ in habit, colour, form, and size of foliage is too often neglected in the case of both trees and shrubs.

*Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora* makes a grand show in August and September, the profuse, clear, white inflorescence being conspicuous from a great distance; nor is the beauty over then, for the dead flower-heads which remain on the plants all Winter are very striking. When in December of last year (1903) Lord Aldenham showed a collection of cut twigs and stems at the Royal Horticultural Society, nothing attracted more attention than this. The plants are rather expensive, but I know a large bed of them which, with trifling renovation, has lasted for seventeen or eighteen years—a long life compared with the choice Roses nowadays.

The plants should be lightly pruned in Spring.

Many of the *Cytisus* class are worth growing for the dark green wood as well as for their flowers, and *Spartium junceum* has a bolder, more open growth with stouter twigs than the others; none of them will tolerate hard pruning in the old wood.

*Cassinia fulvida* syn. *Diplopappus chrysophyllus* has a soft golden colour in twigs and leaf if pegged down and trimmed over annually. It does best in a hot, dry, light soil.

*Rosa nitida*, which is far too rarely seen, should be dealt with in the same way; not only do the leaves all turn a clear red in Autumn, but the fine hirsute twigs all take on the same colour until the sap rises, and the plant is as hardy as it is beautiful.

Among other plants for Winter which from rarity or other reasons are more fitted for single specimens I would include:

*Fraxinus excelsior aurea*, the Golden-barked Ash in its Winter.  
erect or weeping form, whose name is sufficient description. Specimen

*Salix aurea pendula*, a weeping form of the Golden Plants  
Willow, which can be procured from Mr Bunyard of  
Maidstone.

*Betula aurea*.—I have too recently received this new  
Golden-leaved Birch, from Mr G. Paul of Cheshunt, to be able  
to speak confidently as to the colouring of its wood in Winter,  
but it mostly happens that the same cause, viz. insufficient  
chlorophyll, which produces the yellow tone in the foliage,  
makes for a like effect on the bark and twigs.

*Taxodium sempervirens*, the Red-wood Cedar.

*Euonymus verrucosus*, a rare deciduous variant of Spindle-  
wood whose stem is covered with curious warts, and which  
simulates to an extraordinary degree a rusty iron pole.

*Arbutus Unedo*, which when old and untrimmed shows a  
great deal of fibrous chocolate-coloured bark. It is none too  
hardy north of London, but has flourished and fruited well  
with us, surviving the terrible Winter of 1894-5.

*Stephanandra flexuosa* has very delicate foliage, almost like  
a Japanese Maple when seen a little way off; its very fine  
waving twigs are a reddish-brown. I note that it suffered from  
burning in the recent hot dry Summer.

*S. Tanakæ* is a stronger, coarser, less compact form which is  
hardly ever seen in England; it is inferior in grace of foliage  
and superior in the clear red of its twigs. The charm of either  
is destroyed if the ends of the shoots be cut over, so they must  
be allowed such room as they require. They are said to be allied  
to the Spiræas, but have little or no superficial resemblance to  
them.



Specimen *Dimorphanthus mandshuricus* which is an *Aralia*, I have  
Plants not yet tried in mass cut down, but I mean to do so, as it  
suckers most freely with us in Herts. The sub-tropical-looking  
foliage, large heads of flowers, small black fruit, and strange,  
thorny, rugged limbs when bare, all tend to make an old plant  
a remarkable object. It is perfectly hardy when dormant, but  
is liable to be killed by hard late frosts in April.

*Aristotelia Macqui*, a native of Chili, is stated in the "Kew  
Hand List" to be tender and to require a wall, but has grown  
to be a large healthy bush with us; its flower is a greenish-  
white, the petioles are bright red, and the wood is a conspicuous  
reddish-brown.

*Crataegus borrida* is very remarkable in Winter, having  
clusters of thorns at short intervals, which face every way.  
*Crataegus saligna* deserves mention for its bright red twigs  
like a Lime.

*Crataegus chlorosarca* is a novelty which I got from Louis  
Chenault at Orleans. It has stout limbs, a bold indented foliage,  
chocolate-coloured varnished wood with large dark purple  
leaf-buds.

*Crataegus Pyracantha Lelandi*, though usually grown as a  
creeper, forms a valuable evergreen standard, and fruits very  
freely on a strong soil, the orange berries lasting as long as the  
birds will let them.

*Ribes alpinum* grows in a close compact form with slender  
grey knotted twigs, and has an appearance after the fall of the  
leaf quite unlike any other Currant, or indeed any other plant  
known to me.

*Sambucus pyramidata* has the same light grey wood as the  
common Elder, but its extremely close fastigiated form makes it

surprising that it is so rarely seen, especially as it is easily propagated from cuttings. Winter. Specimen

*Spiræa ariaefolia* and the old-fashioned *S. Lindleyana*, the largest grower of its varied tribe, are both conspicuous in Winter, the former for its graceful dead flower-heads, and the latter for its stems. Plants

*Garrya elliptica*, a dioecious plant, rather tender when not on a wall, is of value for its evergreen Ilex-like foliage, and still more, as far as the male is concerned, for its fine grey catkins, lasting from November to February. No one but a botanist would imagine that three plants, superficially so distinct as the *Garrya*, the *Aucuba*, and the *Cornus* all belong to the same order.

*Ligustrum coriaceum*, a curious evergreen, quite hardy, but a slow grower, has rich dark green convoluted leaves in such profusion that no wood is seen; they almost suggest a sea-shell in their form.

*Syringa Josikæa* is an old Lilac which came from Hungary in 1835 and for some reason has gone out of fashion here. It is quite unlike the ordinary Persian type; it most nearly resembles *S. Emodi* of any which I know, but the foliage is larger, darker, and more striking, the stout, stiff, scarlet-coloured twigs with dark purple leaf-buds make it very noticeable in Winter. It grows to be a very large shrub. We have one 20 feet high in our London garden with the stem as thick as a man's thigh.

*Elæagnus parvifolia* is worth growing for the clear silvery-grey wood. It is deciduous, and hardier than its evergreen congeners. *E. argentea*, another deciduous form, has the same merits as the preceding in Winter, and the silver undersides of the leaves

Waterside look well when there is a breeze; it bears also in Autumn a  
Plants profusion of small red berries.

*Cladrastis tinctoria*, sometimes, but I believe incorrectly, called *Virgilia lutea*, and popularly known as Yellow-wood, is an elegant tree that thrives in any soil. It has drooping racemes of white flowers; the bark is a pale yellow, but not so conspicuous as many that I have mentioned. The finest specimen I know in England is in Anthony Waterer's nursery at Woking.

*Alnus incana aurea* is a recent introduction from Germany as far as I am concerned. It is perfectly different in appearance from *A. glutinosa aurea*, as the foliage is not specially brilliant, but the twigs are orange-yellow and it is covered with red catkins. I think that everyone whose grounds are blessed by the presence of ornamental water ought to give it a place where it can get its roots into the moisture and develop its remarkable beauty.

The mention of Alders brings me naturally to other waterside plants, and at the risk of being wearisome, I cannot conclude this lengthy screed without enumerating a few herbaceous plants that have learnt the art of dying gracefully, and are as good or better in December than in June.

*Polygonum sachalinense*, the strongest grower with the largest leaves of all the Knot-weeds, easily reaching to 12 or 15 feet high if planted in a moist site, does not absolutely require water, and can safely be planted in shrubberies, as it only spreads to a very moderate extent. It comes from Saghalien Island, I believe, and has been in this country only about thirty years.

*P. cuspidatum*, a better known but less striking plant,

cannot be recommended for shrubberies, unless most carefully kept in check ; nor does it show the full beauty of its red winter stems unless its roots can reach water.

Winter.  
Waterside  
Plants

*Rumex Hydrolapatbum*, the Giant Water Dock, when on the edge of an old moat, as it is seen in my home, is indeed a case of a weed in its right place ; but it is not till it begins to wither in September that the merit of its strong burnt-sienna-coloured brown leaves can be appreciated.

*Phragmites communis* is a real joy, both Summer and Winter, with its purple flower-spikes borne on the top of its tall reeds. It is always waving and rustling on the stillest days, and gives to a pond a natural and luxuriant look which is delightful ; indeed it pleases eye and ear alike.

*Typha latifolia* and *T. angustifolia* should both be planted, and near together, the rich colour and large size of the first so-called bulrush goes so well with the refinement and lighter brown of the other.

*Gynerium argenteum* is the best form of Pampas grass. It must have protection, or at any rate a very sheltered site, if it is to survive very hard frost ; but its silvery lightness repays the trouble which this entails.

*Oreocome Candoblii* is not often seen. The foliage reminds one of fennel. It is one of the Selinums, and I note that Nicholson's "Dictionary of Gardening," iii. 415, boldly states that "the species possesses no interest from the garden standpoint." In point of fact, it is one of the prettiest and most distinct waterside plants. It grows to about 4 feet high, is covered with flowers and keeps on the heads through Winter, while the foliage, as it dries, turns to a soft golden hue. We have had a plant a long time, but so far, alas ! it has not reproduced itself. This

Waterside Autumn (1904) it shows every intention of ripening its seeds, so  
Plants I hope we shall be successful in raising some more.

*Eulalia japonica zebrina* and *E. japonica gracillima fol. striatis*, or more correctly, *Miscanthus*, are both good all the year round. They grow about 3 feet high and are highly ornamental water-grasses. The first has yellow blotches or transverse bars on the leaves; the second has a longitudinal stripe of cream-colour on both edges and on the centre of every leaf. The flowers are reddish-brown plumes, something like those of *Phragmites*, and in warmer countries, where they appear more freely, add greatly to the beauty.

*Cyperus longus* is a perennial Sedge, rare in its wild state as a native, though it grows freely in the Channel Islands. It has a stiff three-cornered or triquetrous stem, and rises to 4 feet or more, carrying graceful brown flowers at the top of the plant, borne umbel-fashion on radiating leafy bracts.

Now my long tale has really drawn to its end, and some may think, who know the subjects which I have treated, that I have exaggerated and laid on the colours too thick, that such words as "brilliant orange" or "vivid scarlet" are out of place in describing live woods. To them I would reply as Turner did to the man who objected that he never saw such colours in real sunsets as appeared in the artist's picture of them—"Don't you wish you could?"

In deed and truth it is the old story of "eyes and no eyes." Given bright sunlight, without which no colours can be fully seen, there they are if we will only observe them, and the more we look the more we see. It is the perfect harmony of Nature's work which hides her brilliant hues from the careless, though to the patient watcher she reveals fresh beauties

both of form and colour every day. Those who know Lord Winter. Tennyson's works know that he was not only a great poet, but a keen and accurate observer of England's flora. They will find recalled the coal-blackness of the Ash buds, and the sanguine vivid spot of colour in the heart of the Horse-chestnut bloom—things which many a countryman has lived and died without noticing.

VICARY GIBBS.



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